JAN, 9, 1937

Liberty

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Calendar-1937

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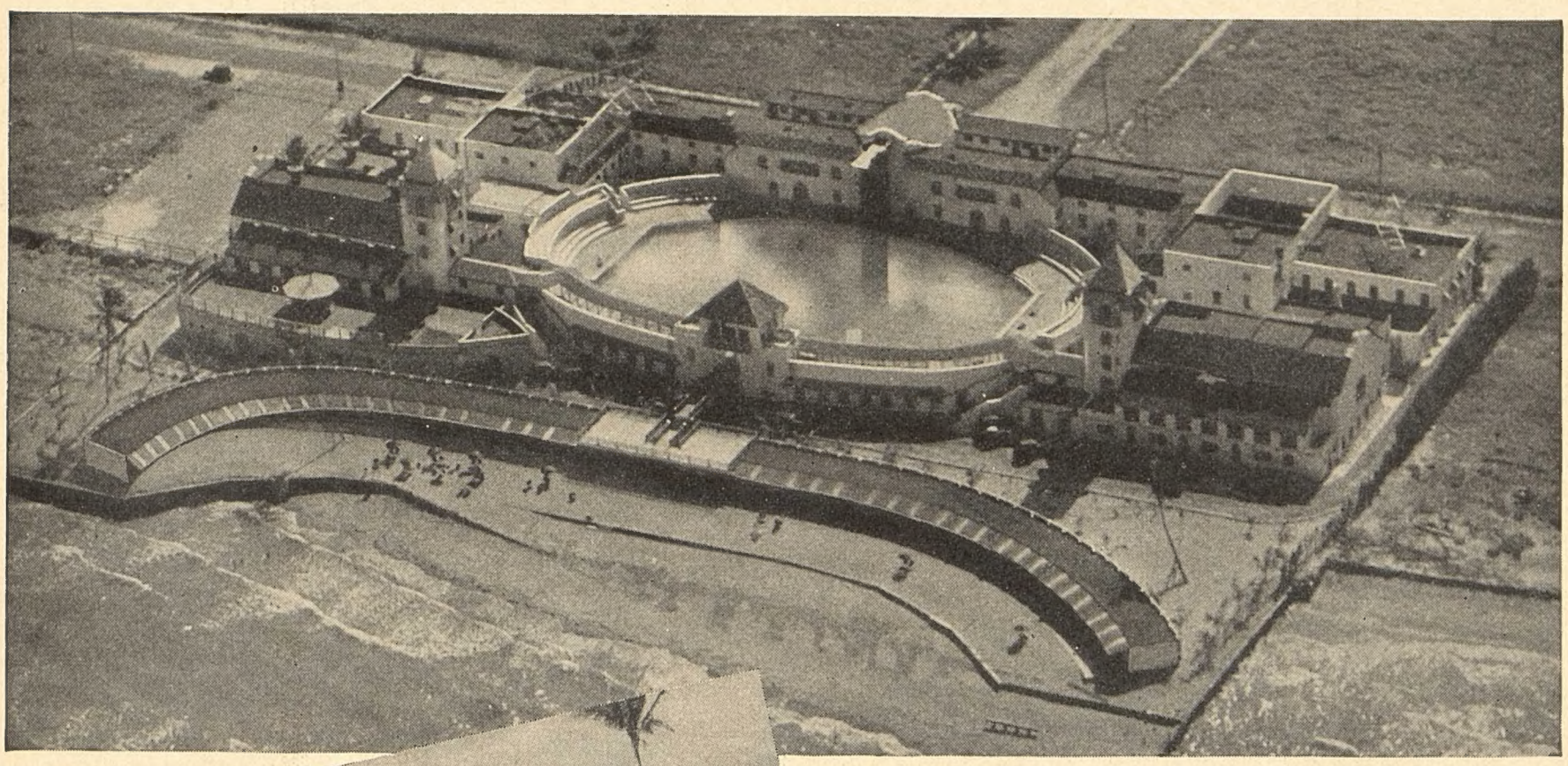
†LEGALIZED IN THIRTY-FOUR STATES AND PUERTO RICO

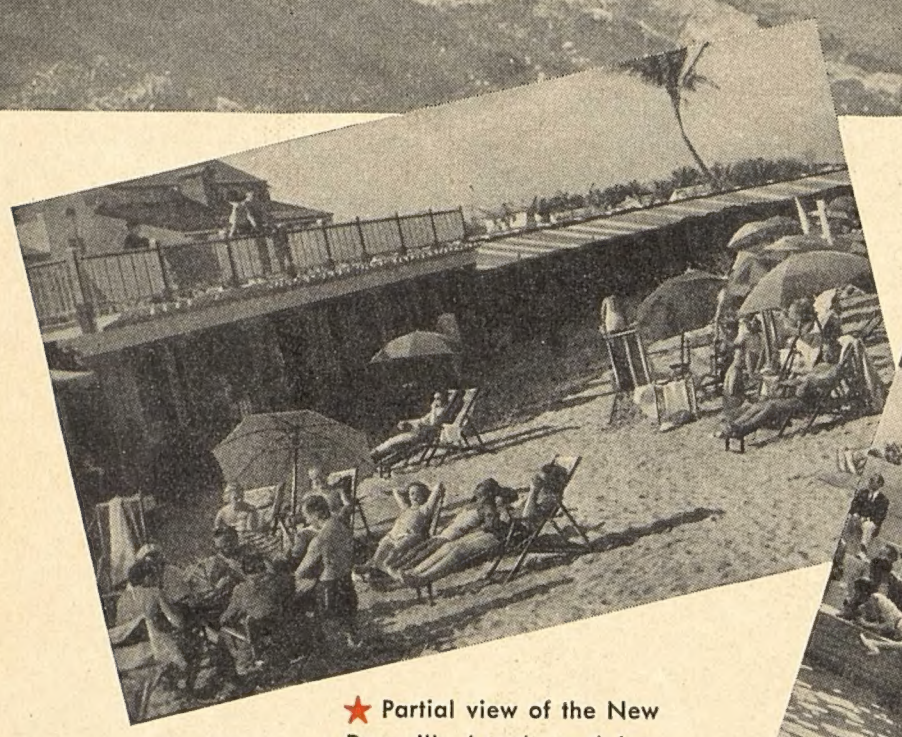
*LEGALIZED IN THIRTY STATES AND HAWAII

MACFADDEN-DEAUVILLE HOTEL

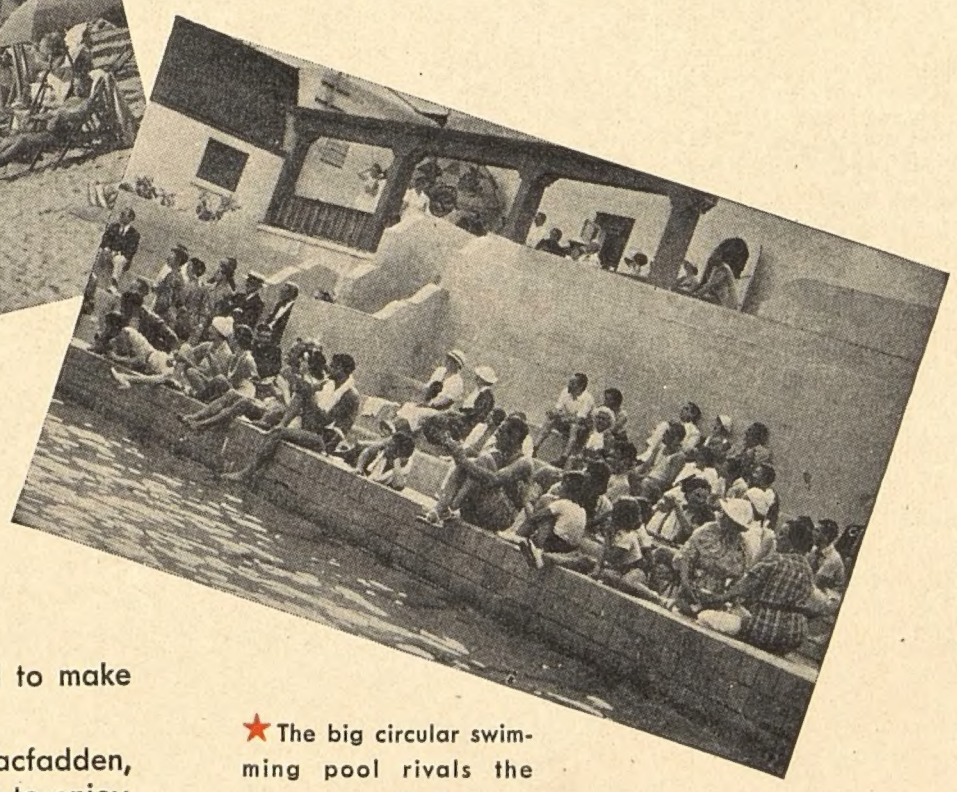
Health and Pleasure Resort



★ The New Deauville from the air. The smiling Atlantic in front, the beautiful Biscayne Bay immediately behind the hotel.



★ Partial view of the New Deauville beach, and luxuriously furnished cabanas.



★ The big circular swimming pool rivals the ocean itself.

★ Florida climate and human ingenuity have combined to make the New Deauville a veritable winter paradise.

Transformed and enlarged last year by Bernarr Macfadden, publisher and health enthusiast, it is now the ideal place to enjoy Florida at its very best.

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JANUARY 9, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 2

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

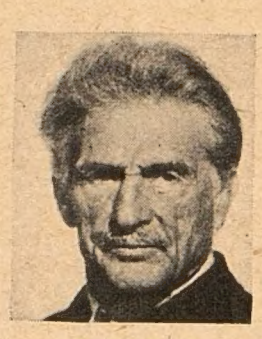
FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

A Great Wave of Relief Sweeps Over the Nation! Cause?—A Resignation!

ONE of the first requirements in promoting the business interests of this country is confidence in the stability of our government. Second: There must be a belief on the part of our business men that invested capital will have a fair chance of returning a profit.

When Socialistic agitators with official authority make public statements that induce business executives to fear for the future, there is cause for alarm.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The statements of one of the members of the President's official family have been given a large amount of attention. His revolutionary ideas made in public speeches have appeared in newspapers everywhere. And the fear that his wild theories might be endorsed by the President was a source of disturbing reflections.

And when Rexford Tugwell, whose Socialistic views have scared business men throughout the nation, handed in his resignation recently, it is no exaggeration to say that a great wave of relief swept over the nation.

We are now convinced that the President had no intention of carrying out any of the wild plans which Mr. Tugwell presented on various occasions.

"The industrial system will have to go" was one of his slogans. He said on one occasion, "Planning will necessarily become a function of the federal government; either that, or the planning agency will supersede the government." Such a method would mean the same enslavement of labor that we see in many foreign countries. No more strikes, no more pickets; unions would be thrown out. Labor would be given orders and made to like them.

Then he stated that "Business will logically be required to disappear." And he further maintained that "This is not an overstatement for the sake of emphasis. It is literally meant."

Now there is nothing obscure about such revolutionary statements. When he says that business will logically be required to disappear, and that a planning agency will supersede the government, the meaning is clear. And when such views are expressed by an executive occupying a high governmental position, the ordinary business man who is planning for himself and his organization, not to mention his family dependents, would look to the future with fear and trembling.

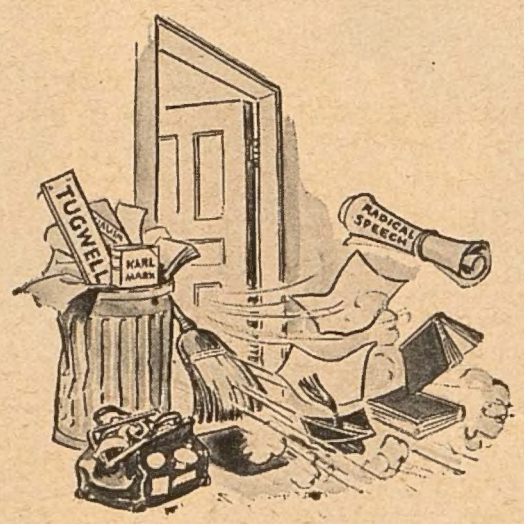
Every substantial citizen throughout the country has extended a silent vote of thanks to the President for the elimination of Mr. Tugwell from his official family, and they all hope that his influence will not be continued even as an unofficial adviser.

And if other revolutionary Socialists who now occupy official positions could also be consigned to private life, that indeed would be an unlimited source of satisfaction to patriotic Americans.

There is nothing here that disapproves of Mr. Tugwell's personality. He is said to be a very estimable and likable young man, and is doubtless sincere in his crusade.

And since Mr. Tugwell's resignation we understand that he is now an important executive in a business organization that sells molasses.

The experience he will secure in this business may change his opinions and he may ultimately even become one of the much hated economic royalists.



But I am quite sure that the business men throughout the country, regardless of their political views, will join in congratulating our recently re-elected Chief Executive for his acceptance of the resignation of this young man.

His fantastic theories have much disturbed the stable citizens of this country.

Bernarr Macfadden

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IS JUSTICE DEAF, DUMB, and BLIND?

Prison or Death for an Innocent Man . . . Crooks Go Free—All According to Law, and a TRUE Story!

by

D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JUSTICE in America is deaf, dumb, and blind. Not because judges or juries or prosecuting attorneys wish it to be so, but because criminal laws and criminal lawyers make it so.

Our crime-detection system is the best in the world. Our crime-punishment system, the worst.

Our criminal law is shot through with holes. To the honest layman these loopholes may seem no bigger than the needle's eye. To the less than honest criminal and his ally, the criminal lawyer, they are yawning gaps.

What are these loopholes through which murderers and robbers and racketeers and "beat-the-rap" men of all sorts squirm to freedom? Well, here are six of them:

The Perjury Loophole.

The "I Don't Know Nothin'" Loophole.

The Emotional Appeal Loophole.

The Insanity Loophole.

The Circumstantial Evidence Loophole.

The "To Hell With It" Loophole.

The following, Mr. Curtin's first fact story of justice gone wrong, is an example of the perjury loophole. Examples of each of the other five will appear in early issues of Liberty.

FORTY-FIRST STREET, west of Fifth Avenue, is a street of moods. Between Fifth and Sixth it isn't a street at all, but a public library and a park. Between Sixth and Seventh it is grimly commercial. Between Seventh and Eighth, great cross-country busses turn west out of crowded depots.

Beyond Eighth Avenue, Forty-first Street is Greek—restaurant Greek. Here, on the blustery evening of December 4, 1935, the signs over the brightly lighted café windows were swinging and careening. One of them told all and sundry who could read Greek that within was the Near East Restaurant.

It was no different from the others, the Near East; and its lone customer—it was long past the evening eating hour in West Forty-first Street—was no different from the groups of his countrymen who loitered and chatted in the Greek barbershop or the Greek filling station, or in the shadowy hallways of the Greek boardinghouses which punctuated the rows of Greek restaurants, except in two things: his name was Marcos Gonzalos, and he had $1,500 in a wallet in his neat double-breasted coat.

Marcos Gonzalos looking on in court as his would-be kidnapers were arraigned.

For the rest, Marcos was five feet ten and thin, with a thick crop of dark hair and glowing dark eyes which through his huge horn-rimmed glasses shone more friendly than shrewd. But Marcos was no setup. A native of Smyrna, he had been thirty-nine years in this world and twenty-two years in this country. He was a solid citizen of excellent reputation, engaged in the business of building up restaurants, Greek and otherwise, until they were profitable, and then selling out to the other fellow. And he had made good money at it. This $1,500 was the legitimate profit on one such deal.

Outside the restaurant, unknown to Marcos, the stage was being set for drama. There was an automobile—not in front of the café, but a few yards up the street, near the avenue. Behind the wheel, apparently half asleep, lolled a well dressed inoffensive-looking young man about as tall as Marcos and slightly heavier. Not far away, but apparently wholly oblivious of the presence of the big car and its driver, three men stood chatting. Two were smooth and natty in the Times Square tradition; the third was more frankly hard-boiled.

A fifth man was standing directly in front of the Near East Restaurant, peering in at the blue-ink mimeographed menu card pasted on the inside of the show window.

Now John Econopolis—for that was the name of this last man, a thirty-three-year-old pocket Clark Gable in a Greek version—was not hungry. He had done well at his own profession of safe-cracking; and his incidental achievements in crime, which included three arrests for burglary, one for larceny, one for robbery, one for counterfeiting, and one for extortion, had not left him penniless. Moreover, he had already eaten his evening meal.

John was, as a matter of fact, not looking at the menu at all. He was watching every move of honest Marcos Gonzalos, the $1,500 wallet-toter, who was now paying his modest check and bundling himself up preparatory to emerging from the restaurant.

When, by an almost imperceptible jerk of the head, the man at the window indicated that Marcos was about to ease himself through the door, the sleepy man behind the wheel of the big high-powered car nonchalantly started his motor, and the three conversationalists a few yards away became covertly alert.

Up to this moment these five men — John Econopolis, the leader; Myer Cohen, the hard-

boiled one who was second in command; Irving Nitzberg, the apparent innocent at the wheel; and the journeymen crooks, Charles Blum and William Malataes—had seemed mere unconnected details of the West Forty-first Street scene; but now, to the trained eye, they showed unmistakable signs of cohering with sinister intent.

Inside the restaurant, Marcos pulled his soft gray fedora well down over his thick black locks, jacked up his overcoat collar against the chill December winds, waved good-by to his friend the proprietor, and stepped out into the wintry night. He hadn't gone three strides when he ran kerplunk into John Econopolis.

"Well, if it ain't Marcos Gonzalos!" exclaimed that worthy. "Talk about luck!"

"Oh. Hello," said Marcos. "Haven't seen you for quite a while."

It was clear that honest Marcos wished it might have been quite a while longer!

Not that he felt he had anything to fear from the gang leader, Econopolis. He had known him only in the most casual way through a former partner, Nick Maros, and had had no truck with him then or since. He didn't even know for sure that he *was* a gangster. Nevertheless, he had heard rumors about Econopolis and his men, rumors that ranged from robbery through arson to murder. Besides, he didn't like him.

John, for his part, seemed hell-bent for friendship. He linked his arm through Marcos's.

"I saw Nick just an hour ago," he said glibly.

"Nick? Oh, yes."

"He was asking about you. He wants to get hold of you right away."

"All right. I'll give him a ring in the morning."

They were now abreast of the car.

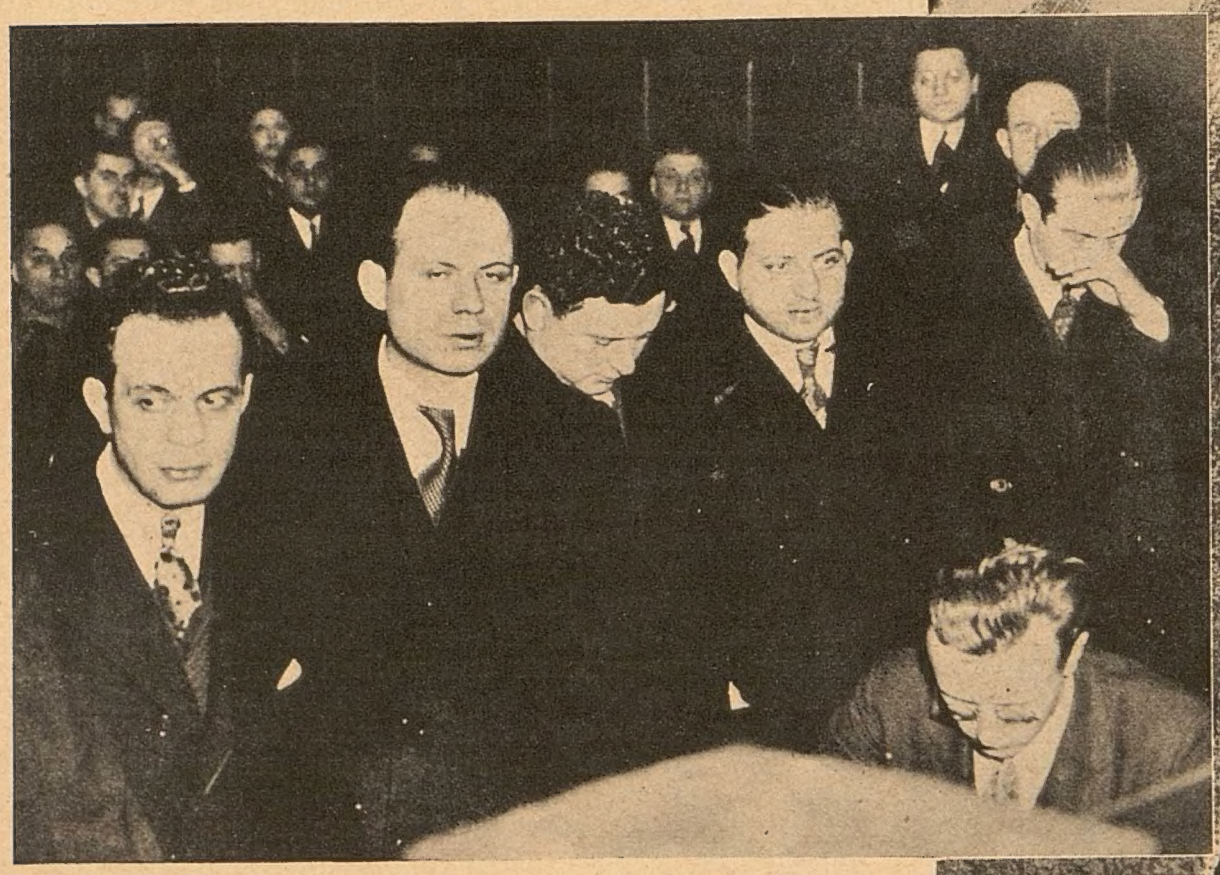
"This is my bus, Marcos, and I'm going up Nick's way. I'll give you a lift, and you can see him now."

As he spoke, he opened the rear door with his left hand. His right was still linked in Marcos's arm. The latter was no longer annoyed. He was scared to death.

"I've got another date," he mumbled, and started to break away.

John Econopolis's arm was no longer linked in his.

Right: "Chick Blum jumped into the rear seat. Marcos Gonzalos followed, propelled like a shot from a gun."



Econopolis, Malataes, Cohen, Blum, and Nitzberg in the courtroom that they were to swagger out of—free men.

The gangster's grip was on him just above the elbow.

"Get in!"

It was a command. To Marcos it was a death sentence. He shuddered. But he was no coward; he would make one last attempt to escape. With a mighty effort he wrested his arm from the gangster's grip. But when he stepped back from the curb, he stepped back into Myer Cohen's encircling arms. At a signal from Econopolis, Chick Blum jumped into the rear seat. Marcos Gonzalos followed, propelled like a shot from a gun. John jumped in beside him and slammed the door. Cohen and Malataes sprang into the front seat. The car was about to shoot out into the middle of the street.

The whole thing clicked with the precision of artillery going into action.

But while the five men had been watching the peaceful restaurant, four other men had been watching the five. Like John and his gang, they had not seemed to be together, or even aware of each other's presence, until the moment for action arrived. Now they closed in on the kidnap car and hurled themselves with drawn revolvers on the kidnapers.

Marcos stared blankly at his new assailants. A rival gang, no doubt. Germans and Irish, so far as he could judge. Huskier types than his first captors. A gang war—and he, the center, perhaps the cause, of it!

But Marcos knew his tabloids. He knew that in this onslaught lay his one hope. He would watch for a good chance to get clear.

The chance never came. The towering huskies on the running boards had the drop on the sitting gangsters. The man at the wheel, with a revolver in his ribs, drove neither fast nor far. The other four, covered by three shiny automatics, could only obey the command to hold up their hands.

Besides, the kidnapers knew what Marcos Gonzalos didn't know: these strong-arm boys were cops.

Captain Fennelly of the Headquarters Safe and Loft Squad had become damn well fed up with the persistent safe-crackings of John Econopolis and his gang, and had set four of his best boys—Officers Foray, Bauer, Kleber, and Fyffe — to catch the crackers in the act. For over a week they had been tailing Handsome John. As John's gang deployed around the Near East Restaurant, the detectives congratulated themselves on the prospect of witnessing a run-of-the-mine safe-cracking. It was as much a surprise to them as it had been to Marcos Gonzalos when they found themselves up front at a kidnaping.

PRESENTLY John and his fellow crooks, with three of the four coppers, were sirening down to Headquarters in the high-walled wagon. Marcos and the fourth of his saviors followed in the gangsters' car.

"Why didn't you yell for help?" asked the detective.

"I didn't dare. This fellow Econopolis stuck a revolver into my back."

"Swell! We'll find the rod on Handsome John, and we'll throw in a gun charge on top of the kidnaping."

"You won't find anything on *him*. He's too smart."

"He can't shed it, with the cuffs on him in the wagon!"

"He's shed it already. The moment you boys rushed up, I felt the gun slide down behind my back. I think maybe he hid it under the seat."

"You might be right, at that. When we get down to Headquarters we'll have a look."

Sure enough, there was the gun. Smart boys these! They knew better than to be caught with the evidence. They knew, too, as every experienced crook does, that in spite of Governor Lehman's praiseworthy efforts to jam through a protecting law, a gun found in a car is still just a gadget in the State of New York. It might have gotten in at the factory like a spare bolt or nut!

Fortunately, in this case, the gun charge didn't matter. There was plenty of evidence to convict the whole gang on the much more serious charge of kidnaping.

"The way people feel these days about the snatch racket," the officer opined, "these guys'll get twenty-five years."

According to all the laws of evidence, he was right. The police had not only witnessed the actual kidnaping, but they had a perfect key witness in Marcos Gonzalos. His story before the grand jury showed that.

District Attorney Dodge was not one to be overconfident. He had seen too many crooks slip away from the grip of justice. Moreover, he knew well the record of these very men for beating the rap. Econopolis, arrested eight times, had served only one term. Cohen, arrested thirteen times, had been inconvenienced only five days since his juvenile delinquency period. But this time even Dodge was sure he had them.

To make doubly certain, he assigned to the case one of his best men, strong-voiced, powerfully built John MacDonnell, who was quite able to take care of himself even under the fire of the high-priced counsel with which these boys were sure to be buttressed.

They were buttressed, all right. When MacDonnell and his one deputy walked into Judge Rosalsky's courtroom, he could hardly see the prisoners for the lawyers. It was clear that these boys were in the money. But what did it matter? For once, the D. A. had a lawyer-proof case, and with confidence he proceeded to try it.

The "I don't know nothin'" loophole in the law—what may that be? Can murderous criminals play dumb—and go free? Watch early issues of Liberty for a breath-taking answer: Mr. Curtin's real-life story of the small, smart, deadly gang that, through this loophole, escaped due punishment for a $427,000 stick-up pulled off in broad daylight.

FIRST he put on the four detectives. One after another they told what their eyes had seen and their ears had heard. Then, with a dramatic pause to signify the importance of the event, he announced:

"Next witness, Marcos Gonzalos!"

The court attendant's voice, repeating the name, rang out into the hall where witnesses wait under guard. All eyes turned toward the door.

In came Marcos with a quick firm step. The D. A. looked at him and felt more confident than ever. Judge Rosalsky, although maintaining a judicial mien as impartial as his courtly robe, seemed well satisfied with the appearance of the witness who was counted upon to send the prisoners up the river for a quarter-century stretch. Everything about Marcos, as he was sworn in, and as he gave clear strong answers to the preliminary questions, showed that he knew he had a job to do and meant to do it.

Yes, he had dined at the Near East Restaurant on the night of December 4. He had just sold out his interest in a small café for $1,500 cash, and had the bills in his inside coat pocket. He had left the restaurant about nine o'clock, and had been greeted by John.

"Take a good look around the courtroom," the prosecutor suggested.

The witness's eyes turned from the D. A. to the odd-lot assortment of criminals and legal mentors at the defense table.

"Do you see the man you call John in the courtroom?"

"I do," Marcos answered firmly.

"Will you stand up and point him out?"

"Yes, sir."

Marcos rose and pointed an unerring finger at the leader of his kidnapers. Everything was clicking according to schedule. Now for the knockout!

"Will you tell, in your own way, just what happened after the defendant you have just pointed out spoke to you?"

"Well, it was like this," Marcos began promptly. "John said, 'Hello, Marcos.' Then he put his arm friendly through mine and walked along with me, and said, 'Nick wants to see you.' Nick was a fellow we both knew. 'My car's right here,' he said, 'and I'll take you along to him.' I thought that pretty nice. So I thanked him and we started over to the car."

The prosecutor's easy assurance changed to a quick questioning glance. Here was a slight variant from the previous story. He stirred as if to set Marcos right. But the witness was plunging along with his story.

"Just before we reached the car, I thought of something we once talked about and says, 'Do you remember

the trick we said we were going to play on Nick?' 'Oh, sure,' says John; 'we was going to make believe to take him for a ride sometime.' Then we both laughed."

It was a laugh the four detectives had missed on the kidnap night.

"Then John said, 'It would be fun to try it on Nick tonight.' 'Fine,' I said. 'Maybe we'd better rehearse it a little. Here's a good chance to try it on me.' And so John told the others in a couple of words what they were supposed to do. That's how they happened to press around me and push me into the car."

The prosecutor's face reddened; his eyes blazed. The judge stared searchingly at the witness.

"You see, sir, these men weren't really kidnaping me at all," Marcos clinched. "The whole thing was a joke between me and them!"

The knockout had come. But it was the State that took the count. The prosecutor had asked his star witness to tell his story in his own way. And he had. Or, more accurately, he had told it in the gang leader's way.

With a volley of questions, the people's attorney tried to stop the rout of his star witness, tried to turn him back to face the enemy and tell what had really happened. But Marcos stuck to the new and astounding "joke" version. He even denied he had ever told the detective that John had pressed against his back the gun that had been found in the car.

There was no use going on. Juries don't convict even the most obvious criminals on police testimony which is contradicted by the victim of the alleged crime. There was nothing left for the outraged judge to do but dismiss the jury and discharge the five defendants.

The latter smiled triumphantly at one another and at their lawyers as they swaggered out of the courtroom. They were free again to ply their profitable trade.

Judge Rosalsky would have saved the situation if he could. Out of his twenty-nine years on the bench of the Court of General Sessions—the longest term that any judge of that court has ever served—he had formed strong convictions as to what should be done with habitual criminals like John Econopolis and Myer Cohen. Traditionally kindhearted in the case of the first offender, he would sentence hardened and hopeless types to the longest possible terms. But against this great loophole in the criminal law—perjury—he was helpless.

But perjury is a felony, you say.

True—and it can land a man in state's prison for five years, if it is proved. The trick, in gangster cases like this one, is to prove it. It was not enough, according to present New York law then in force, to show that a witness has told two conflicting stories; it is necessary to show which story was the true one and which the perjured. And how can you show that if the proof must come out of the mouth of the perjurer himself?

MARCOS GONZALOS had told one story to the grand jury. He had then told quite a different story to the trial jury. Obviously, on one of those occasions he had perjured himself. But on which?

Well, in Gonzalos's case, there was just a chance that the State could answer that question to the satisfaction of a jury. After all, there were four police officers with good clean records who would testify that Marcos had told the truth to the grand jury and had lied to the trial jury; and their testimony would be uncontradicted, since the perjurer himself could not testify without committing himself one way or the other, and thus convicting himself. The chance was worth taking. Judge Rosalsky held Marcos on the perjury charge and directed that he be taken to a cell in the Tombs.

The perjury trial, presided over by Judge Cornelius Collins, was of brief duration. Bernard Botein, assigned to the case by District Attorney Dodge, had little difficulty in convincing the new jury that Marcos really had been kidnaped and had been saved by the police, and that he had then made stupid liars out of his saviors, presumably because he had been bribed or terrorized into doing so. For the first time in twenty years, a lying witness in a gangster case was convicted of perjury by a jury in the State of New York. Nothing remained but for Judge Collins to sentence the criminal.

But Marcos Gonzalos was not really a criminal. Judge Collins knew that perfectly well. So did Judge Rosalsky. During the two weeks that must elapse in New York between the trial and the sentence, they went into a huddle, not only with each other but with several of their associates of the bench. Collins talked also with Dodge, and Dodge talked with Botein, and Botein went so far as to implore Gonzalos's lawyer to impress upon his client what going to prison really meant, what a terrible thing it would be for a peaceful citizen to go behind the walls of Sing Sing for five long years of his life while the men who had kidnaped him were oiling up their guns and casing new victims to stick up and new safes to crack.

Instead of going up the river for five years, Botein argued, why not tell the truth and give the evidence that would send his enemies away for twenty-five years?

Enthusiastically the defense counsel hurried across to the Tombs with the good news for Gonzalos.

D. THOMAS CURTIN *has long been in the know around New York Police Headquarters, and was co-author of Lieut. Jimmy Finn's Liberty series, How I Captured Hauptmann. As World War correspondent, he was head of Lord Northcliffe's own secret service.*

EVERY one of us in that courtroom felt drama, intense drama, on the day when he came before the bar for the last time.

"Your Honor," Botein declared, "we are making no plea for the defendant, but merely trying to bring out the stupidity of any witness who jeopardizes himself for rats whom he lets go free!"

"If this man is willing to tell the truth," replied Judge Collins in a rich persuasive voice, "I am willing to adjourn the sentence. I am ready to speak to the District Attorney and to the Police Department to assure his safety. I'll ask the federal officers to see that he gets protection. What has the prisoner's counsel to say to this?"

There was only one sensible answer. But we heard something quite different.

"When I went to the prisoner," said the counsel in a hopeless voice, "I found him filled with terror—not of prison but of death. Day after day I have pleaded with him, but I always get the same reply. He keeps saying, 'It's no use. I can't do anything.'"

I looked intently at the prisoner. The desperation in his fear-filled eyes increased as judge and counsel reasoned, cajoled, begged, even threatened, until finally he burst out in a shaking desperate voice.

"I can't! I can't do anything!" he cried. "I am alive now. But if I do what you say, there can only be one end for me—death."

Gonzalos lowered his head in complete defeat. To continue would be torture. His counsel must have felt that. "If your Honor please," he implored, "the man is afraid. And I feel we may as well finish this."

"Yes, sentence me! Please!" Gonzalos cried.

"It is a sad commentary on American justice," Judge Collins declared with feeling. "This man is the victim of gangsters and crooks, yet I must send *him* to prison and let *them* go free."

Out under the eaves of the old courthouse the marble figure of Justice still covered her eyes and held aloft her nicely balanced scales. But within the musty portals man-made law had jolly well kicked over the measuring pans of right and wrong. Justice was not only blind. It was deaf and—most of all—it was dumb.

And nothing could be done about it.

It was painfully clear that nothing could be done for Marcos Gonzalos. A just judge had promised forgiveness and protection. But, in the spirit of the new America, Marcos had decided—as millions of his fellow citizens would undoubtedly have done—that the power of the gang was greater than the power of judges, juries, district attorneys, policemen, and G-men combined. He preferred five years in Sing Sing to a slab in the morgue!

THE END

"Your CLOAK and GUN, Milady"

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

NO less than three communities, very widely separated, commented adversely on the engagement of Miss Elisabeth Stone of Richmond, Virginia, to Major Sir Peter Vance of Vance in the County of Sussex and the Fiftieth Deccanni Lancers (Indian Army).

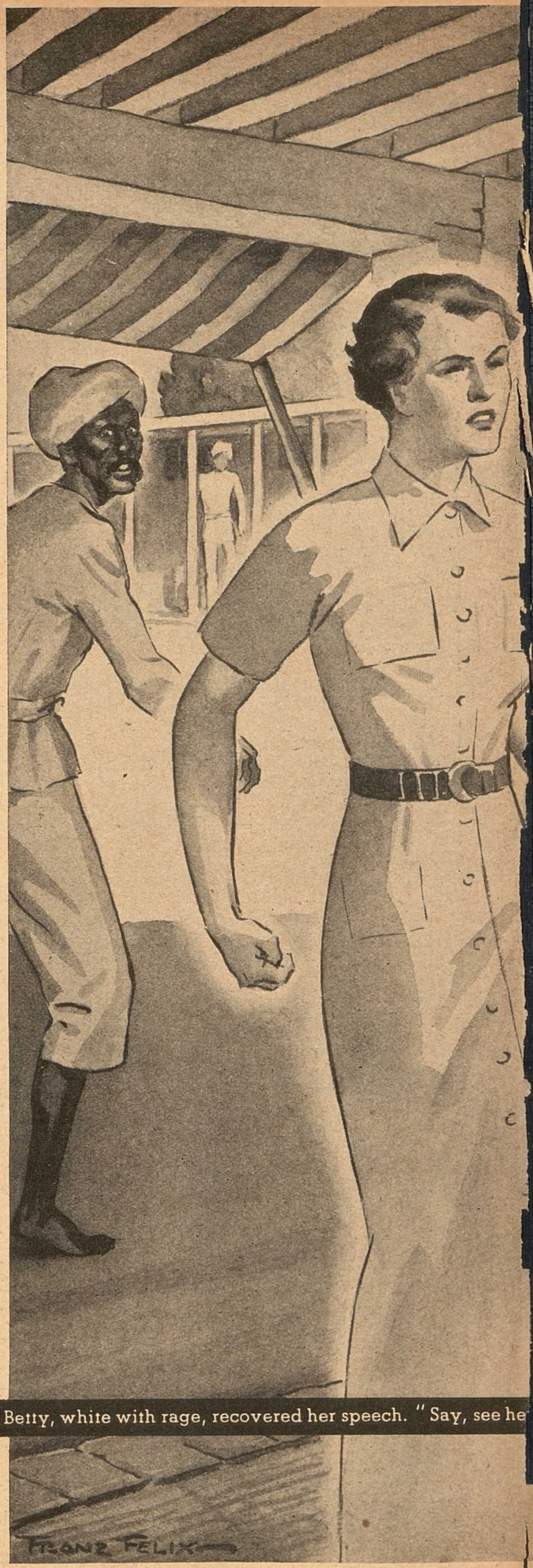
In Simla, the summer capital of Our Indian Empire, they gathered at the United Service Club, Peliti's, and Annandale, and said, " Of course, she's a delightful girl, but—well, hardly cut out for a soldier's wife; certainly not for the wife of a soldier who takes the service as seriously as Peter Vance. Besides—" They agreed unanimously that no American girl could ever settle down in India, especially on the northwest frontier of that country. For the lives of the King Emperor's officers are hard and usually of short duration, and she who would follow the drum must be prepared to don a sensible skirt, pack up a home at five hours' notice, and reopen a new one after ten days' traveling through a dust storm. And this didn't sound a bit like Miss Betty Stone, lately of Richmond, Virginia.

In New York City (for Miss Stone was as well known in the East Fifties as she was in the East Indies) they said, " Our Betty'll never settle down to that sort of life; not unless they shift the Rainbow Room to the top of the nearest mountain for her."

And far away in Halalistan, which lies south of the Khyber Pass, a certain enemy of the government, known locally as the Khan of Hatza, added his voice to the general chorus of regrets.

" *Allah Karim,*" he growled into his beard, " is it not written in the Book of Books, ' It is for women to act as their husbands act by them. But men are a step above them '? Surely, my friend and enemy Vance Sahib hath lowered himself a step in my sight, for now he will either return and fight less well, or, worse, he will desert Halalistan for the comforts of the fireside."

But Ali Mahmet, the khan's lieutenant, only sneered. " A man profits more by the sight of an idiot than by the



Betty, white with rage, recovered her speech. " Say, see he

black boy," she said, "you don't countermand my orders."

A Tense Thrilling Tale of a Land of Lurking Death, and a Gallant Bride Who Held the Hand of Fate

by JOHN KENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANZ FELIX

orations of the learned," he said. "Whichever course Vance Sahib selects, we shall be left in greater peace, for, of a truth, no other can be like him in these mountains, oh, my brother."

Which was high praise indeed from one who had been ceaselessly harried by Major Sir Peter Vance and his troopers over a period of some ten years.

Some of the women of Simla, having themselves been attracted by the prospect of becoming Lady Vance, now wondered audibly if Miss Stone had been attracted by Sir Peter's title (which was quite unfair) and if she knew that he had no money outside his pay to keep it up (which was perfectly true).

Indeed, Sir Peter never would have torn himself away from Halalistan and his almost daily romps with the Khan of Hatza on its bleak hillsides had it not been for an order from the Viceroy.

HE explained this to Betty one evening between dances at Viceregal Lodge.

"It's odd how all those things in life which one most dreads doing usually lead to the most surprising, the most wonderful things."

"Meaning me?" asked Miss Stone.

"Meaning you," agreed Peter solemnly. "You see, I hadn't the slightest intention of coming up here this summer. Candidly, this sort of thing" (he waved a white-gauntleted hand to the room crowded with the uniforms, jewels, and orders which the State Ball demanded) "bores me stiff. When H. E. wired through for me to act as Military Secretary for a couple of months, to fill a leave vacancy, I would have refused if it had been at all possible."

"Why did he select you?" Betty asked. Certainly this grim man in the uniform of an Indian Lancer regiment had few social attributes, although the row of medals on his kurtha were a sufficient professional testimonial.

Peter was at a loss for a diplomatic answer, although he knew the true one. After all, until she married him, Betty was still, officially, a "foreigner" and he could not well explain that His Excellency the Viceroy at that time was what is known as a tufthunter. Being a self-made man and a politically made peer, His Excellency naturally collected a staff which exuded real or synthetic blue blood at every pore. Even the Personal Assistant was a younger son.

Betty saw Peter's hesitancy and helped him out.

"Just—on account of?" she suggested.

"Yes," he agreed. He loved that expression. He loved the fact that she was a Virginian, although his personal knowledge of that state was limited to a study of the Life of Stonewall Jackson.

Betty, since she had come to Europe, had survived a spring in Paris, a London Season, during which she had routed the Brigade of Guards, and a voyage out to India, even including that usually fatal trip down the Suez Canal in the bows of a P. & O. liner. She had then landed, scattered the Bombay garrison, and swept on her victorious way to Simla. There she had at once lost her heart to this penniless baronet whose only previous recreation had been the hunting of the Khan of Hatza in the Province of Halalistan, and there, in due course, she married him.

Afterward, in the few weeks that remained before their return to Halalistan, Betty found herself secretly wondering if the Himalayas could quite compare with the Skyline Trail, and if the polo on the small grass oval at Annandale quite came up to that which she had watched on Long Island.

She stifled these thoughts brusquely. When Peter was near her she did not experience them. But during the day, while Peter was in his office, she found those faint doubts recurring. Somehow Peter seemed to take the glamour of the East away with him when he left each morning. But perhaps, she reflected, it would be better in Halalistan.

Yet in this she was to be disappointed.

"There, darling," said Peter proudly, as, after a five-day journey, they stood together on the gallery of the mud fort which dominated the huddled cantonment below. "Permit me to present to your ladyship Fort Regale, the point of the sword in the Province of Halalistan. Like it, sweet?"

Betty inspected it carefully before replying. The evening sun gleamed on the barbed-wire entanglements which surrounded the station. Away to the south a tennis match was in progress, and since, from economy of space, the courts lay outside the wire, an armed picket was posted at each corner of them. Beyond, ringing the tiny community, were the gray hills of Halalistan where dwelt Peter's ancient enemy the Khan of Hatza and his band of followers.

While she still pondered her reply, the orderly bugler came out on to the ramparts and sounded retreat. She watched the guard turn out in the courtyard below, saw the tennis players cease their game and the polo teams wheel their ponies in from the hammered mud polo ground, and saw the tattered flag hauled slowly down from the staff above them. By the grace of God and the commander in chief, the sun had officially set.

"It's—it's all so strange, Peter," she said. Interest and doubt struggled for mastery in her voice. The doubt triumphed. "But it's kind of tough, isn't it, living here year after year?"

His eyes narrowed; he was watching the dimming hillside. "In a way, yes," he answered; "but you see, dear, the old khan and I have what you would call a date with each other in these mountains."

He smiled down at her and continued, "I've been out here fifteen years, and the last ten of them have been spent along this border. I suppose all this is second nature to me by now. But there are times—" He rammed tobacco into his pipe. "There's a so-called estate in Sussex, at home, which I ought to be running if I could afford it. Hunting, shooting, and fishing. You'd love it. One day we must visit it, even if we can't settle there. But you see, beloved, I've just got to square accounts with that old blackguard the khan before I can think of sending in my papers."

HIS eyes had gone back to the hills and Betty said nothing. She watched him thoughtfully, wondering about that estate in Sussex. It was typical of both of them that neither had troubled about the finances of the other. Betty had ample means to take care of an estate in Sussex, but with Peter so absorbed in the Khan of Hatza, she wisely refrained from mentioning this.

"Couldn't you play like it was a draw?" she suggested wistfully, but Peter only laughed.

"I don't think the khan would call that quite fair. No, some day soon I'll get him, and then—who knows?—it may be the Order of the Bowler Hat and Sussex for us, darling. But till then—"

And he left it at that.

Betty tried to adjust herself to this new life—a life where preparedness was the keynote. She watched the moving column, Peter's squadron of cavalry, a section of screw guns packed on their mules, and half a battalion of Gurkhas swing out to the hills within thirty minutes of the unexpected bugle call. She saw them return, each time empty-handed, with their casualties swaying perilously in the stretchers slung each side of the bubbling camels, and with Peter scowling angrily as he rode in with the rear guard.

Young Andy Dale, Peter's subaltern, showed her over the pistol range—a system of trenches, dugouts, and swinging targets of which he was the proud designer. He even let her use his pistol on the targets, and when she neatly and systematically drilled each one as it appeared, he stood back in admiration. He had the vaguest of geographical knowledge but was a fervent student of Wild West pictures and, under the impression that Virginia was the capital of Texas, a place where every one wore chaps and packed two pearl-handled guns, he said, "That's marvelous, Lady Vance! Goodness knows what you'd have done to those targets if you had brought your horse along."

But Betty's greatest trial was the servant problem. There seemed so many of them, all so much alike, all so strangely named, and not one of them speaking English. Each had his special group of duties, and to ask one to perform an office which was relegated to another seemed to be a sin against mankind.

PETER explained to her patiently: "You see, darling, each servant has his own job to do. The *khansamah* will cook and the *syce* will look after the horses. The *khid* will wait at table and the *bhisti* will carry water. If, for example, you tell the bearer to take over the duties of the sweeper, who is the lowliest of them all, you would be insulting him—making him lose caste."

"Well, why don't they talk a real language?" Betty demanded. "How can I know what their darn jobs are if they can't tell me?"

"We never have English-speaking servants in an Indian regiment. It's not done. But you'll soon pick up Hindustani."

He called for the bearer and ordered a whisky-and-soda.

"*Hamara wasté bee,*" added Betty proudly. It was practically all the Hindustani she knew. It means "And bring the same for me," and she found it very useful.

"But I learned some more the other day," she went on. "What does *soor ki sala* mean?"

Peter sat up with a jerk.

"Where on earth did you hear that?" he asked.

"You used it to your pony when he swerved away from the ball at polo yesterday," Betty explained innocently.

"Then I shouldn't have said it. It is a term of abuse. Literally means 'brother-in-law of a pig.' For the Lord's sake, never use it, Betty. You might get away with it to some natives, but if you called Abdul Aziz, the bearer, a *soor ki sala,* he'd be apt to knife you or put powdered glass in your food. You see, he is a Pathan, one of the hill people from round here, and they won't stand it."

"Well, why don't you-all tell me a few terms of abuse I *can* use?" Betty demanded desperately. "These servants drive me wild. There's times I could shoot the whole lot of them. They're so dumb, Peter."

Her voice had sharpened. The rains were late in breaking and it was still unbearably hot. Before Peter could reply, she rose. "Guess I'll be turning in," she said. "I've a headache anyhow. Now, don't start fussing around, dear; it'll be all right in the morning."

Yet as she left the veranda she was thinking that maybe "On to Sussex" was a truly admirable slogan.

But her head was no better next morning, and her nerves, if anything, were worse. Nor did Peter's sudden attack of malaria do much to brighten the breakfast table. And when she gave the bearer an order and he looked at Peter for a translation, Betty found herself longingly eying the gun case which stood in a corner of the room.

Peter pushed back his chair. "I must go over to the office. I hear the khan is planning another of his raids."

"I wonder you can't catch him," said Betty coldly.

Peter turned back from the door.

"That's unnecessary," he snapped. "We'll get him sooner or later. Meanwhile it's only by constantly watching we can hope to beat him. It's the way we keep India."

"You take it all so seriously," remarked Betty sweetly, "I sometimes wonder how you managed to lose America."

"That," retorted Peter, "is beneath even *your* dignity."

And if you wonder how this stupid quarrel flared into bitter and therefore stupider words, you cannot have

served on the northwest frontier when the thermometer is registering a hundred and twenty-five degrees in the shade and the dust lies inches deep outside.

Fortunately the tension was relieved by the arrival of Peter's orderly.

"It's the khan. He's breaking south. I wonder if *this* time—" Peter glanced up from the message. "Ask the ressaldar major to come to the orderly room at once," he told the orderly. Then he shouted for his bearer and the *syce*.

Betty crossed to him quickly. "Darling," she said, "you can't go away like this." She put a hand to his forehead. "There, I knew it! You're just full of fever. I'm—I'm feeling so ill too, dear. Oh, don't go! And, Peter, I shouldn't have said that about America."

She was in his arms.

"Why, you poor kid, you're simply rotten with fever yourself—and fretting about me. And as for America, I'd willingly lose Canada and the whole British Empire so long as I could keep you, beloved. And, anyhow, it was all my fault. Oh, damn the Khan of Hatza! If I don't get him this time, I never shall. But don't worry, sweet, I'll settle with him and then we'll pack up and go back to England. I should never have brought you up here to this place."

That revived her courage. "Nonsense," she said. "Don't think I can't take it, honey. I'll be all right. Go get your man if you must, but—but take care of yourself, Peter."

She drew away from him. Already the trumpets were calling Peter's squadron on to parade and Abdul Aziz had arrived, bearing his master's belt and revolver.

"I don't suppose this show will take long," said Peter, buckling on his Sam Browne. "Promise me you'll phone for the doctor and go and lie down till he comes. I wish I could stay, dear, but—but—"

"But you've got a date with the khan," Betty finished for him. She contrived to smile.

He was gone.

BETTY wandered aimlessly from room to room. Outside on the veranda she saw Nazir, Peter's gun boy, sitting in a corner sharpening a kukri and singing a Nepalese love song. Fortunately she could not understand the words, but the sight of him comforted her. He was a Gurkha and the only one of the servants she could recognize easily because of his Mongol features and his short stocky build. Peter had left him with instructions that he, personally, would be held responsible for Betty's safety.

Her restlessness continued to drive her.

"I can't give way like this," she said as a sob caught at her throat. She recalled a slogan she had seen in New York City during the depression: "We'll see it through!" It steadied her. It was almost as cheering as "On to Sussex."

She remembered she had not ordered lunch, and was on the point of calling for the bearer, when she was seized with a sudden impulse to arrange it personally. The staple food on the frontier seemed to be corn—*bhutia* they called it—but it was always stripped from the cob and usually fried. Why shouldn't she have it boiled on the cob the way she liked it? She decided she would go down and instruct the cook.

She set out for the kitchen: the Bluebeard's chamber of most Indian bungalows. It was, of course, the one place she should have avoided.

The little group of servants squatting about the door rose as she approached.

She walked past them and made to enter. Then she stopped on the threshold.

"Good grief!" she cried. "Why, this place is a shambles!"

There are few places more untidy than an outdoor kitchen in the more primitive parts of India. To begin with, they are mostly mud-floored. Then rolls of grass matting, debris of meals, and unwashed plates have a habit of creeping into corners. In short, "shambles" rather understated the case.

Betty set to work with the determination born of annoyance and the heedlessness bred of high fever.

She called the servants in and insisted on an immediate spring cleaning. Unwisely, she herself lent a hand and failed to notice the black looks being exchanged behind her.

And then, quite suddenly, the climax came.

Old Buddoo, the sweeper, ambled past in the sunshine, carrying his broom. Betty saw him. She didn't remember that he was of the lowest caste; she didn't know that his very touch would be contamination to the others; she only saw an old gray-bearded servant with a broom, and she beckoned him in imperiously.

"Hey, you!" she called. "Come right in here and sweep all this into the garbage can."

Buddoo, understanding the gesture if not the words, started to comply, albeit keeping a respectful eye on Abdul Aziz, the Pathan bearer, as he entered. Then

"It's odd how all those things which one most dreads doing usually lead to the most wonderful things."

Abdul Aziz spoke once, briefly, and pointed to the door.

Old Buddoo shuffled out.

Now Betty had already passed through considerable strain that morning. Her temperature was hovering between a hundred and one and a hundred and two degrees. Her nerves were frayed to the breaking point.

For an instant she stood speechless, glaring at the bearer. He tried to explain. He drew himself up and said, very slowly and carefully: "I—am—Pathan."

Then Betty, white with rage, recovered her speech.

"Say, see here, black boy," she said between her teeth, "I don't care if you are the King of Switzerland: you don't countermand my orders, you—you *soor ki sala.*"

There was complete silence in the kitchen. Betty found herself shaking now; feeling suddenly weak. With all the strength she could summon, she walked out to recall Buddoo, but he had vanished. Only when she got back to the drawing room did she let the tears of mortification have their way.

Suddenly she felt very lonely.

The silent and unexpected arrival of Abdul Aziz at her elbow nearly made her scream. He had come to announce that lunch was ready. There had always seemed something sinister about the Pathan bearer, but it was doubly apparent now.

The few mouthfuls she managed to swallow tasted gritty. Once she looked into the mirror at the end of the room and thought she had surprised Abdul Aziz smiling as he stood behind her chair. She began to wonder if she would ever see Peter again sitting between herself and that mirror. She found herself whispering, "We'll see it through!"

During the afternoon she slept fitfully, but the fever did not leave her. Her waking moments were spent watching the locked door of her bedroom and wondering what were the first symptoms of glass poisoning.

IN the evening she went out and tried to talk to Nazir the gun boy. He couldn't understand her but he grinned cheerfully and went on stropping his kukri. She went back to her desk and carefully examined the magazine of her automatic.

There was still no sign of Peter when the sudden darkness of an Indian night descended.

Nazir, still sitting faithfully in the blackened veranda, started to sing again. Betty did not know how long she sat listening to that tuneless, comforting voice. It was only when it stopped abruptly, with an odd gasp, in the middle of a note, that she realized how it had been helping her fight off her dread of Abdul Aziz. The bearer's stealthy white-clad figure had been haunting her all day; in imagination she had seen him, knife in hand, waiting to avenge that insult in every shadow and corner of the house. And now the sustaining song from the veranda had stopped; as though it had been cut off—by a knife.

She picked up the pistol and walked stiffly to the open veranda door. There she paused. She heard with a great thankfulness the confused sounds of a column on the march.

They were returning. In ten, fifteen minutes they would be back on the parade ground. Peter was coming.

She stepped out on to the veranda. Nazir the gun boy was still in the far corner, but he had fallen sideways. His face was turned up to the moonlight and he was still grinning. But horribly.

Betty looked up. In the shadows stood the white-clad figure she had been dreading all day. It was wiping a knife on a stained white sleeve as it moved silently toward her. And at the sight of it, all fear left her, to be replaced by the cold fury of the killer. Slowly and very distinctly she repeated the insult: "You *soor ki sala,*" she said and fired twice from the hip.

That was all she remembered until she awoke with the sunlight beating against the shaded windows, and Peter, nearer to panic than she had ever known him, sitting beside her bed.

"Are you better, sweet?" he asked as she opened her eyes. And to his infinite relief, she smiled.

"I sure am," she said, for the fever had broken. Then: "Is he—is he dead?" she demanded, trying to sit up.

"He sure is," mimicked Peter. "Dead as mutton. A rupee would have covered both shots," he added with professional admiration.

THEN came reaction, and Betty found herself sobbing out the story of her indiscretion, her loneliness, and her fears. Peter endeavored to soothe her with the clumsy efforts of the unpracticed, which she found to be none the less acceptable.

"The odd part about it is," Peter said, striving to comfort her, "that poor old Abdul Aziz never intended to do anything. Either he must have decided to ignore the remark or he didn't understand what you said. Perhaps it was your Southern accent, darling."

"But, Peter, how awful!" cried Betty. "Still, he killed the gun boy—or was it a private quarrel? Oh, Peter, what have I done?"

"Don't even think about it, beloved. Anyhow, you avenged the death of little Nazir and—"

Then Betty suddenly remembered.

"But what happened to *you,* dear?" she asked. "I was so worried about you. Did you get the khan?"

For an instant Peter looked at her with a slight frown between his eyes. Then he started to grin.

"Well, no," he admitted. "The old fox broke through. He had the bright idea of getting in to the station and waiting for me so that he could settle our personal feud by a well planned murder."

Suddenly he took both her hands. "How does the idea of that place in Sussex appeal to you? What about it, darling?"

"But, Peter, I don't understand. What about your feud with the khan? You can't quit, Peter. We can't go yet, on account of—"

"Oh, yes we can," Peter interrupted. "Abdul Aziz can start right in packing for us, on account of—on account of, darling, it was the Khan of Hatza you shot so neatly when he came here to wait for me last night."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Pictured at the left is a divine lady of many parts. She was a life member of the Comédie Française, foremost tragedienne of her time. She made several farewell performances and sought to ignore a physical handicap. Who was she?

2—How did *earmark* originate?

3—What variety of lava is used by dentists?

4—Who said, when dying, "Turn up the lights. 'I'm afraid to go home in the dark'"?

5—If Walla Walla is in Washington, where is Wagga Wagga?

6—Do able-bodied seamen sleep in a wardroom?

7—Did Chase, Blair, Seymour, or Pendleton oppose Grant in the Presidential election of 1868?

8—What were the seven deadly sins?

9—Which consistently Democratic state is shown at the right?

10—Who, descendant of an early President of the United States, was radio's leading astrologer until her death at fifty-nine?

11—What were Constable, Correggio, and Dürer?

12—Who composed The Merry Widow?

13—Is NRA, a diaper, or Napoleon's hat triliteral?

14—Which growing plants have no roots?

15—Did a Tammany boss die in jail? Who was he?

16—How many babies did Margaret Sanger, birth-control advocate, have?

17—In the Bible, what man was shaved when he was asleep?

18—Which three plays have had the longest Broadway runs?

19—What breed of dog appears above?

20—Who became a writer after his drawings for a Dickens novel were rejected?

(Answers will be found on page 33)

Ronald COLMAN *—A Hollywood Mystery*

A Revealing Close-up of the Little Known 'Lone Wolf' Whom Some Suspect of Being the Films' Greatest Actor

by FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

Reticent, pessimistic Mr. Colman, and Catherine Bennett (left), whom few know as one of his closest friends.

IT is almost fifteen years now since Ronald Colman took his private life to Hollywood, and he has it today substantially intact.

Hollywood is still pretty sore at every other front-rank star who has tried to lose himself or herself beyond the Hollywood horizon. But Ronald Colman—who has never attended a movie première, who has never spoken over the radio or from a picture theater stage, who has never dined in one of the film colony's highly publicized restaurants, who has never given a big party or gone to one, who has never allowed a fan-magazine writer or photographer within the walls of his home, who is still a celluloid myth to ninety-nine per cent of the men and women among whom he has lived and worked for so many years—is a beloved part of the life of Hollywood town.

There are, of course, outstanding qualities in this shy, reserved Englishman which enabled him to win a battle in which so many have failed.

One was the obvious genuineness of his attitude. He can be *depended upon* to make only genuine statements, to express genuine sentiments. He never poses.

"If I have any philosophy," he once said, "it is to mind my own business."

"All Ronnie has done," explains one of his friends, "is to develop reticence into a fine art."

It is one of those miracles of casting that this man was chosen to play the leading role in James Hilton's magnificent study of isolation, Lost Horizon.

There are plenty of thrills in Lost Horizon. Action sequences, native ambuscades, conflagrations, airplane escapes—all that sort of thing. But it so happens that the most thrilling scenes of all occur in a lamasery.

Now, a lamasery—in case you are no more up in your Tibet than I was when I first read Hilton—is a sort of monastery where lamas live. A lama is a priest in that part of the world; and a Grand Lama, like the one who lived in the lamasery at Shangri-La, is somewhere between the Archbishop of Canterbury and God, with a comforting lean toward the God side.

"Shangri-La was a place where everything was calm and peaceful"—these are Ronnie's own words, spoken on the set—"where people lived in utter tranquillity, ignoring the qualms of the outer world."

If Ronnie were describing the place where he would like to spend the remainder of his days, it would be not unlike that faraway hospice of the Grand Lama.

Unable to live at such a distance from the studio, Colman has done fairly well with his own private lamasery, which nestles behind high white walls and brown wooden gates at the end of one of Hollywood's windingest hillside roads.

The house is Spanish style, but not insistently so. Its white walls and red-tiled roofs ramble up and down hill with true California abandon. A Filipino boy opens the door—and no matter how harried you may have been before you came, a sense of security descends upon you.

There is a becoming dignity about the big living room with its centered fireplace, its low comfortable chairs, its grand piano, and its rich dark drapes. Paintings—originals—gloom down from the wall. And there are books everywhere.

"This man is a coming star," were the prophetic words written by some unknown critic on the back of this photograph, taken more than fifteen years ago. At right: Thelma Raye, the former Mrs. Colman.

Up three steps from the living room is a tiny dining room. The rough refectory table seats eight, no more. Here, two or three times a week, sit the people Ronnie Colman loves: Bill Powell, his closest friend; Dick Barthelmess and Warner Baxter, both of whom he met through Bill; their wives, Jessica and Winifred, who have also been taken to the Colman heart; the Clive Brooks, when they are in town, and the Leslie Howards; Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett and lovely sister Catherine Bennett; and, in the old days, the Ernest Torrences and Percy Marmont.

Women come there, too, beautiful and famous women, to dinners of less than eight covers—but in all these years there has never been an official hostess to sit at the head of the Colman table.

When the quiet, good-looking young Englishman arrived in Hollywood, he was universally acclaimed as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. A more communicative man would have rushed into print to clarify the situation; but Ronnie let it go.

THEN, suddenly, in 1925 there appeared in Hollywood a small blonde woman who said she was Mrs. Ronald Colman. She had married the actor, she said, five years before in London. Colman acknowledged the truth of the woman's story so far as the marriage went, but refused to discuss the situation with her or with any one else.

Mrs. Colman, who had been Thelma Raye of the London musical stage, went to court, told the usual "deserted wife" story, obtained a temporary allowance of $500 a month, and through her lawyers negotiated with Ronnie's lawyers what was apparently a satisfactory settlement and a generous weekly allowance for ten years.

From time to time there were stories of impending divorce; but none occurred until July 31, 1934, as the ten-year period was drawing to a close. During all that time Ronnie never mentioned his wife or his marriage. He scorned to tell his side of the story. But—ask Bill Powell or any of his old friends—he *had* his side.

In Hollywood Ronnie has had his favorites, but for the most part he has played the field. The studio tabbies had him tied first to Aileen Pringle, then to Connie Talmadge. Later there was Lois Wilson. There was nothing in the Colman-Banky relationship except celluloid romance. Gloria Swanson, Kay Francis, Loretta Young, and that doomed beauty, Thelma Todd, were other favorites.

For a decade no Englishwoman of beauty and distinction has come to Hollywood without starting rumors of a Colman romance. The list is a long one: Lady Diana Manners, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume, Evelyn Laye.

As a matter of fact, his two closest women friends are in neither of these Mrs. Grundy lists. One is Catherine Bennett, Enid Bennett Niblo's beautiful sister, who lost a brother about Ronnie's age in the war and has since lavished on her sympathetic fellow countryman a vicarious sisterly affection. The other is Ruth Chatterton, with whom he was acting when he left the stage for the screen.

Ronnie is in his forties now, but slim and straight—five feet eleven, I should say, and about a hundred and sixty-five pounds—with hair which is still fairly black and eyes that are indubitably brown. He hasn't changed much with the years.

His mental attitude is best summed up in a remark he once laughingly made:

"I am pessimistic about almost everything, and rather amused that I am."

Perhaps you can discover something in Ronald Colman's background which accounts for his being—well, Ronald Colman.

HE was born February 9, 1891, just outside of London, in Richmond. He was the son of Charles Colman—his own name is Ronald Charles—a modest and not too wealthy importer of silks. All of Ronald's people were white-collar tradesfolk, and he is proud of it.

Ronnie's formal education was somewhat sketchy. As a child he attended Hadleigh in Littlehampton, Sussex, one of the lesser schools which prepare for Oxford and Cambridge. When his father died he went to work in a London steamship office. His age was sixteen.

At school he had done amateur theatricals. During the steamship period, to occupy his evenings, he continued his Thespian activities. Five years later he went to France with the London Scottish Regiment.

It is impossible to get him to talk about his experiences at the front. But the records show that he was one of the "first hundred thousand," Lord Kitchener's famous "Contemptibles"; that he saw first-line service at Ypres and Messines, and that he was invalided back to England.

Needing money, the ex-soldier turned back to his old love, the stage. Through a fortunate meeting with Lena Ashwell, distinguished London actress, he got a bit part in a Tagore playlet at the Coliseum. Then he landed a slightly longer role with Gladys Cooper in The Misleading Lady. Damaged Goods was next. The play ran seven months.

After that, nothing—long months of nothing. Finally, with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket, he set sail for America. Here, luckily, he met an Irishman named Herbert Brenon. Brenon wangled him a two-line part in support of Robert Warwick. The play ran two weeks. Next came a part with Fay Bainter in East Is West—six months on the road. He has never been broke since. His work as Alain Sergyll in La Tendresse, supporting Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton, drew the attention of Director Henry King, who was looking for an Italian-looking juvenile lead, "who had a touch of Rudolph Valentino about him," to play opposite Lillian Gish in The White Sister. The rest, if you know your cinema, is history.

If you ask me why Ronnie Colman, of all the men who achieved stardom when he did, has lasted longest and risen highest, I say simply because he is Ronald Colman.

THE END

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

THE REAL STORY OF HOW AL CAPONE WAS SENT TO ALCATRAZ

Every one who reads the headlines knows that Al Capone is serving time in the famous Alcatraz Prison in San Francisco harbor. But few indeed, outside of federal circles, know the inside story of how this once powerful figure, reputed czar of gangdom, was finally incarcerated in the United States government's most breakproof bastille. Liberty believed that the complete story of the events behind Capone's indictment, trial, conviction, and sentence would make a document of unusual interest. The information resulting from its investigation of this celebrated case proves the accuracy of that belief. All of the angles, all of the unpublished rumors hinted in the background of Capone's forced abdication of his underworld throne, have been weighed for you in this remarkable expose. Don't fail to read it next week in Liberty.

ALSO A HILARIOUS NEW NOVEL BY

ERIC HATCH *Author of the Smash Hit*

MY MAN GODFREY

If you had the good fortune to read IRENE, THE STUBBORN GIRL in Liberty, or recently saw its film adaptation MY MAN GODFREY on the screen, you would expect this mirth-provoking author to do right by the Hollywood scene when he got around to it. And he has not disappointed. The title of this new tumult of fun is GOOD OLD JACK, and without divulging so much of the plot that it might dull the edge of your firsthand enjoyment of the yarn, it seems fair to whisper that it revolves about the adventures of a suddenly deposed film producer, a couple of hard-shelled extra girls, a cameraman with a grudge, and a star with whose rise from the ranks they were all intimately familiar. You can imagine the hilarity Eric Hatch would conjure out of a setup like that. But you don't have to imagine. You can find out for yourself as you read the entertaining adventures of

GOOD OLD JACK

IN

Liberty

On Sale Wednesday, January 6—5 cents

Death and a Daredevil Meet in a Central American Revolution!— The Hilarious and Electrifying Confessions of a Yankee Flyer

HELL Over Nicaragua

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN the Nicaraguan revolution of 1927, Major Brooks and Lee Mason were the air force of the Adolfo Diaz Conservative faction, fighting Liberals under Moncada and Sandino. They had been hired in New Orleans, Brooks by the Conservatives, Mason by the Liberals, but before long Mason was captured and made to go to work on the same side as Brooks. They had themselves appointed majors, and when grounded were, by agreement, the army's ranking officers if the commander in chief, General José Salorzano Diaz, wasn't present. Their first air field was at Managua, where an old farmer named Francisco took a shot at Brooks's plane every morning, and where " fans "—sons of good families, bitten with aviation and inventiveness—concocted air bombs and insisted that they be dropped on the enemy. The fuses had to be lighted with cigarettes.

After Major Brooks's first battle, near Chinandega, General Diaz printed handbills to be scattered from the air, threatening poison gas (of which he didn't have any) and warning that bullets shot at a plane would come down on the shooters' heads. Then the major began ladling out buckshot to scare the enemy as falling bullets. It worked.

At Jinotega he broke his propeller, taking off—and found himself ground-force commander in chief against a rebel army outnumbering his by nearly four to one.

PART TWO—FAN BOMBS AND SILVER WINGS

THE people honored me. They wanted me to go to war in style; they gave me the best steed in town. It was a big white mule they had captured from the enemy. I couldn't refuse it—they would be mortally insulted; but that white mule made me the best target in Nicaragua.

All the way out of town the animal worried me; if I rode it up to the lines I'd get killed sure. About two miles behind the front I found my generals eating chicken dinner. I wasn't hungry—I had eaten in town—but I stopped and had dinner just the same; it gave me an excuse to get off that mule.

I tied him with the horses while we ate. We were on a little knoll, a perfect ringside seat for the battle which was raging just ahead. The troops hadn't eaten or even had any water since daylight, but that didn't worry the generals; it was the custom.

We finished eating. " Gentlemen," I said, " we will proceed to the battle on foot."

One of those generals, Rivas del Dedego, was a brave man. He personally led his men over the top in a last forlorn effort to save the day. He was wounded seriously. And then the storm broke. The enemy attacked all along the line. They came from the front and both flanks, and how they could shoot!

I got just as excited as if I'd been at a football game. I wanted our side to win, but there wasn't much I could do to help them. It was too late. The bullets were singing around our ears like wasps and there wasn't much of our side left; they were mostly dead.

I didn't order the retreat—although I was about to. The men just naturally fell back; they had to. Some of the survivors stuck until they picked up Rivas del Dedego. That was unusual in Nicaragua; mostly the wounded were out of luck. Our retreat was orderly but we were licked. Licked? Damn near wiped out.

by MAJOR WILLIAM C. BROOKS

as told to KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GRAVEN

After stealing a few drops he would climb on the roof, tear out tiles, and throw them.

I brought up the rear. When I got back to where my mule was tied, he was all tangled up. The generals hadn't bothered to untie their horses; they had cut the ropes and left them. My mule had stamped around in the mess. He had a dozen ropes twisted around his feet.

I couldn't find a knife. The enemy were getting close. A game mozo on another mule loaned me his knife; he stayed with me and held off the pursuers with a machine gun long enough for me to cut the mule loose.

It was four miles into town and it was nip and tuck all the way. The enemy cavalry were not more than a good city block behind, shooting as they came—and there I was, riding an enemy mule who might recognize his buddies and desert.

We just made it. There is a little bridge at the edge of town, and the pursuit stopped there.

The enemy surrounded the city and laid siege to it. Inside we counted noses. We had seventy-eight men left out of three hundred and fifty. I hadn't realized it, but there were six bullet holes in my clothes. Oh, well, that only represented three bullets; each one made two holes, one in and the other out.

That night our Indian scouts smuggled a new propeller in to me right through the enemy lines. I mounted the prop and was all ready to take off. But I couldn't go away and leave all those people at the mercy of the enemy. If I did, it was only a matter of time until they captured the town and looted it.

Let's see. Salorzano Diaz had printed a lot of stuff about poison gas in those handbills; something that smelled real bad might fool the enemy into thinking that it *was* gas. The only thing I could find in the town was a couple of quarts of ammonia.

The enemy's main strong point was on a hilltop opposite the town. I had to fly over it low if I was to score a hit with my "gas" bomb, and if there was one machine gun on that hill there were twenty.

I dived for speed and leveled out almost on the treetops. I heaved out a bomb and a quart of ammonia together. The exploding bomb would surely break the bottle even if it hit on soft ground and the shock didn't.

For a second or two bullets came from everywhere; the plane looked like a sieve. I still had the other quart, but I didn't have the guts to go back there again that low. I dropped it from a higher altitude. There wasn't any necessity of dropping it at all. The enemy had all gone home. One whiff of the ammonia fumes, and they threw away their rifles and abandoned their equipment. That particular army never did get together again.

I went back to Managua. The town of Jinotega erected a monument to me in the plaza. They labeled it: "The Savior of Jinotega." They sent a delegation down to present me with a red ebony cane—a rare wood.

About a month later another rebel army took Jinotega and sacked it. Ordinarily, Nicaraguans are not cruel to their prisoners, but the rebels hated General Perez, who had been in command. They tortured him for three days before he died.

MY fans heard the story of the ammonia bomb with interest—too much interest. "Damn you," says Mason, "you've started them making gas bombs! The dynamite was bad enough, but from now on we'll be living in a glue factory."

He was right. Three days later the proud fans presented us with a five-gallon milk can.

"It contains"—one of the boys counted on his fingers as he enumerated—"a regular dynamite bomb. That is wrapped in gasoline-soaked cotton waste which has been liberally sprinkled with black gunpowder. Embedded in the waste is a quart bottle of sulphuric acid."

"What?" I gasped. "No kitchen stove?"

"The explosion will ignite the cotton and the gunpowder and shatter the bottle, releasing sulphuric-acid fumes. This bomb, major, is a triple threat: explosive, incendiary, and gas. Is it not an excellent idea?"

"Excellent," I said, "except for one thing—it won't go off. You've buried the fuse so that there's no way to set it off."

"Oh!"—disconsolately; and the fans returned to do some more experimenting.

One of them rushed up to me one day as I was taking off, and handed me what looked like a curtain pole. It was six feet long and about an inch in diameter.

"What in hell is that?"

"That, major," he beamed, "is a most excellent bomb. I invented it. Will you drop it on those Liberal pigs?"

I held it gingerly. It looked like a Roman candle; I expected the fireworks to start any second. "Yes,"

I groaned, "I will." There was nothing else to say.

It wouldn't fit anywhere inside. I took off holding it over the side with one hand. I thought some of dropping it on Francisco, that old boy who took shots at me mornings—but it might be a dud. If I ever did drop a bomb on him I wanted it to be a good one. Besides, he looked kind of pathetic. As he ran out of the door with his musket to take his morning exercise, he was all doubled up with rheumatism.

This morning I had definite orders from the commander in chief, General Diaz. The enemy was supposed to be at Philadelphia, about three miles outside of Chinandega. I was to bomb them out of their positions.

But first I had to get rid of my Roman candle. It was nothing but explosives; I knew it couldn't contain iron or lead. It might make a big noise but it would never hurt any one unless it hit him on the head.

Philadelphia was quiet, but a battle was in full swing in the main street of Chinandega. I flew across at about twenty-five hundred feet. I had plenty of altitude; so, according to Mason and Bill Mitchell, I was in no danger. Believing implicitly in old Billy, I decided to take plenty of time and sight my candlestick bomb carefully. I wanted to drop it between the two armies and see which would run first.

A FLUTTER of torn wing fabric gave me my first hint that Billy Mitchell—or Lee—had let me down. A split instant later a young cyclone hit right under my legs; a bullet shattered the boards of my seat. It came up from behind, and missed me by a prayer. Another tore into the cockpit, too close to all those bombs to suit me.

Somewhere, in the excitement, I must have let go of the broom-handle contraption—and it was the best hit I ever made. It landed right where I wanted it: smack in the center of the street, midway between the two armies.

It didn't hurt a thing but it sure made a big flash. It looked like a hundred bolts of lightning all hitting in the same spot. It scared both sides into a temporary armistice; the gunners forgot all about me.

There was an old fellow working on our field as an unskilled laborer. He spoke to me in English—a surprise. Might he help the boys with their bomb? He was an inventor. One inventor more or less wouldn't make any difference in that mob; I told him to go ahead.

His name was Charles Ainaudt. Sure enough, he *was* an inventor. He was one of the most interesting old fellows I ever met. He was born in France, but he showed me discharge papers from the United States army dated 1874. He spoke ten languages fluently; he had been an Indian interpreter on the plains of the West; he had come to Nicaragua years before on a filibustering expedition and been stranded.

The man was so sure of himself around explosives that it was evident that he knew what it was all about. Soon we had our first fuses that really worked. He devised a percussion primer which would allow us to stop flying with lighted cigarettes in our mouths.

Word came that the enemy had skirted around south of Lake Nicaragua and were sneaking up on Managua from the direction of Costa Rica. About the same time my fans perfected their triple-threat bomb, using one of Ainaudt's primers. At least they said they did.

I tied it outside the cockpit and started south. The enemy was approaching from below the lake. I didn't want to start any fires, so I let the bomb drop above bare ground, just in advance of the rebels.

When it hit, it worked, but they never knew it. They saw that five-gallon can coming, and they never stopped running until they crossed into Costa Rica. The Costa Ricans thought they were being attacked; they complained to Washington about the "invasion."

I found two presents waiting for me in Managua—a monkey and a nondescript puppy. That night Zero, the pup, howled incessantly. I now had a house of my own, and my next-door neighbor—an Englishman—complained. I walked the floor with Zero until I was weary. If I set him down he yelled bloody murder.

I decided to wake up my houseboy and make him play nurse. No soap; he was so sound asleep I couldn't budge him. I put Zero in bed with him; Zero promptly went to sleep too. The boy never knew it until morning; then he was happy as a kid with a new toy. The two of them always slept together after that.

A game mozo loaned me his knife and held off the pursuers with a machine gun.

I named the monkey Loop. All monks like fruit, and most cocktails in the tropics are mixed with fruit juice of one kind or another. Loop learned to drain the glasses whenever I had company. After stealing a few drops apiece from a half dozen glasses he would have a jag on; then he would climb up on the roof, tear out tiles, and throw them at us.

HE was well named. I sometimes kept him tied on a perch in the back yard. He learned to estimate just how much chain it took to reach the ground. Then he grabbed the chain just short of that point and looped round and round his perch. It was his favorite game; he would loop until he was dizzy.

Our farthest outpost was Boaco. Beyond that was enemy territory. We knew that Moncada had a store of munitions somewhere at a place called the Hill of the Horse, but now we got reports of another, a bigger munition dump. It was in a ranch house some hundred miles inside the enemy lines. The place was also reported to be one of Moncada's hideouts, so Mason and I decided to do a good job and blow it up.

There wasn't a decent map of that part of Nicaragua in existence. But

our spies had given us a pretty accurate description of the ranch house and its surroundings. If we ever got a look at it we would recognize it. There wasn't a chance of bombing the wrong house.

We decided to go in the same airplane, something we seldom did. We had good reason for it this time. Our destination was about a hundred and sixty miles, air line, and we might not have enough gas for the round trip. We would blow the ranch house up, and then, if we found that we could not make it home, we would land the plane and burn it. After that we would try to fight our way out on foot.

When we arrived at the field next morning, we found new coats of paint on our planes. Mason's was gold and mine was silver; they looked real nice. We complimented the boys, then told them of our plan to fly together on this big raid.

"Surely not together, major—not after we have so nicely painted *both* airplanes."

"What's that got to do with it?"

At first they wouldn't tell us, but finally it came out: they didn't think we would get back from this trip—at least, not both of us. Mason had his backers and I had mine. There had been some heavy betting, and it had spread all over town; it was a regular sweepstakes. The gold and silver paint was so that the backers could more easily follow their favorites at the take-off and when—and if—they came back. I hated to kill all their fun, but we had to; we would fly together.

WE had to take a big load of bombs. Ainaudt's product seemed to be working all right, but the twelve hundred dollars' worth which I had bought in New Orleans had just been delivered. They were the only genuine factory-made aerial bombs we had; they ought to be sure-fire. We decided to use them.

With all the betting that was going on, the boys had about convinced us that this was a pretty serious expedition, so we took a couple of quarts of whisky along. About twenty-five miles behind Boaco—deep in enemy territory—the motor went *sput-sput*, and we took a couple of drinks. Pretty soon it went *sput-sput* again, but we didn't notice it any more; we thought it was the whisky.

It didn't quit entirely, and before long we located the ranch house. We bombed hell out of it. I saw the bombs falling but I couldn't see them go off. I thought that was on account of the whisky, too.

We made Managua with empty tanks. A few days later the commander in chief received a very pleasant letter from Moncada. Our aviators, he said, weren't such bad bombers, but our bombs were no good. None of them went off; in fact, Moncada's front yard was full of unexploded dynamite—for which, many thanks; it was excellent for killing fish.

That story—worse luck—was true. The ranch house was Moncada's, but it wasn't an arsenal. There was practically no ammunition there, and no food at all; the troops were starving—until a couple of wise aviators flew a hundred and sixty miles to deliver food at their front door. With our unexploded bombs they dynamited the river, and the army lived on fish for a week.

"Rosie" Rosenthal was head of the Banco Nacional. He lived in style above his bank, also in fear of a rebel raid. I told him if they did ever grab his bank they would never bother about him; they wouldn't get that far. The money was what they would be after, and that was in the basement. A flock of guards occupied the first and second floors, and Rosie lived on the third.

From Rosie I kept hearing about the annual fiesta in Nicaragua. It came along sometime in the spring. There would be an armistice, and for three whole days not a wheel would turn in all Nicaragua.

"What is this fiesta?" I asked. "A celebration?"

"Not exactly," Mason cut in. "The fans have been telling me about it. It's more of a spiritual proposition; it's very sad."

"I'll tell the world it's sad!" said Rosie. "All your servants walk out on you and you have to do your own cooking."

I went on a long scouting expedition up in the north. I landed at both Ocotal and Esteli—where the marines later fought bloody battles. About ten miles back of Esteli I found something which startled me. I thought at first I was seeing things, but I wasn't.

"That is a most excellent bomb. I invented it. Will you drop it on those Liberal pigs?"

About six thousand feet up on a mountainside there is a gigantic man-made carving of a man riding on a buffalo. It's so big that you have to be miles away to appreciate it.

A knowledge of the Nicaraguans and their tricks was gradually making things a little easier for me. I had discovered that in shooting at our planes they "led" us, like "leading" a flying duck with a shotgun. By skidding a little—just enough to set up a sidewise motion but not enough to be noticeable from the ground—I could keep most of the hits out of the wing tips.

THE Nicaraguans thought that an airplane had eyes in front like a bird. When we flew or dived toward them, they kept under cover. As soon as the plane had passed, they flocked out into the open. It never occurred to them that the pilot could turn his head.

They also believed that bombs, like lightning, never struck twice in the same place. After a bomb landed and exploded, they all flocked into the crater.

Adolfo Vargas was the captain in command of our bodyguard. He wanted to be an aviator. He hounded Mason until he took him for a hop over enemy territory. Vargas got to meddling with the valves in the gas line in the front cockpit, and managed to shut off the gas. Mason landed with a dead stick, came down in a rough field. He nosed up slightly and bent the only steel propeller in Nicaragua.

Which wasn't the worst. Enemy cavalry had seen him forced down; pretty soon they started filing into the other end of the field. Mason never got excited about anything; he was as cool as a cucumber now. The prop must have been five inches out of line, but he pulled it over anyway. The motor caught.

With the sound of that motor the cavalry jumped into action. They had been taking their time until then.

They charged just as Mason gave it the gun; cavalry and airplane raced to meet each other—head on.

The bent prop was vibrating the motor almost out of the ship; Lee was taking off downwind; everything was against him. He held his wheels hard on the ground until the last second. When he yanked them off, the plane leaped over the horsemen's heads. He shoved his nose over again to gain speed to clear the trees at the end of the field. He cleared them by a miracle and limped home—to show seventeen new bullet holes.

The next day Vargas wanted to ride again. Mason had a heavy load of bombs and the ship wouldn't stand the extra weight. He told Vargas so, but the captain thought Mason wouldn't take him because of his mistake with the valves. He was hopping mad. When Mason took off without him, he emptied his pistol at the plane.

I don't think he tried to hit it—although there's no telling. He was more probably venting his rage. Anyhow, when Lee returned, Vargas crawled into his house on hands and knees. He apologized humbly. He was going to give Mason all his property, then commit suicide.

"You should always have a drink before you commit suicide," says Lee. "Boy! Bring the cocktail shaker." Then he got Vargas drunk and everything was all right again. Next day they were good friends.

Word came that the enemy were running a shipload of ammunition into the Bay of Fonseca. Lee and I went up there and found that they were heading into port with an old tramp schooner loaded to capacity. My first bomb hit her right on the deck, but it didn't go off. The crew thought it was a time bomb. They left.

They went overboard—and the harbor was full of sharks. I guess they remembered that about the time they hit the water. They scrambled aboard again and took another look at the bomb; they dived back in the water. They must have had a tough time deciding which was more dangerous. Finally they went aboard and stayed there.

We didn't have any particular wish to feed those boys to the sharks; it would be easy to come back later in the day and nail the stuff as they unloaded it. We had about decided to go down to Corinto when they used bad judgment: they unlimbered a machine gun and started banging away at us. That made the issue personal.

I dropped another bomb and blew a hole in the bow; it looked like a big blowout in a tire. The boat still floated but it headed out of port. We figured that they'd had enough, and we were about out of gas, so we did go to Corinto.

THAT night, on an American boat, we had a few drinks. I lost track of Mason. I thought he had gone ashore and finally made my own uncertain way down the gangplank. Mason wasn't ashore. He was asleep in a cabin. Nobody noticed him, and he was still sleeping when the boat sailed. He came to next day to find the boat heading into La Union, Salvador, across the Bay of Fonseca. Salvador was hotly sympathetic with the rebels; it was no place for a federal aviator.

The ship pulled into a dock. Directly across the pier was the rebel ammunition schooner with my blowout in her bow, and her crew were sunning themselves on the deck. Mason decided to steal ashore very quietly.

That was a difficult act, to start with: he was wearing a Nicaraguan uniform and boots. He took off his insignia and started easing down the gangway. One of the officers on the ship spotted him.

"Good luck, there, aviator!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "Hope you get back to Nicaragua all right. Bomb hell out of those rebels!"

The crew of the schooner jumped into action. So did Mason. They lost time by diving below for guns and knives; Lee didn't wait for anything. Luckily he found a taxi at the first corner.

He knew one man in the town and he drove to his house. His friend was willing enough to hide him but couldn't figure how. Finally, "Lee," he says, "put on a suit of my civilian clothes. Your name is William Jones. You're a Yankee mining engineer down from Honduras and you have a terrible pain in your stomach. Now you're going to the hospital for observation."

Lee hid in that hospital for three days until his friend arranged transportation on a boat leaving for Corinto. For three days he had to fight off doctors who wanted to operate on him for appendicitis.

José Salorzano Diaz thought the enemy headquarters was too far from Managua. We could operate more efficiently from a field closer by. He wanted to build one at Boaco, our last outpost. It seemed a good idea, so we told him to go ahead. You could build a flying field on any flat spot in Nicaragua in three or four hours. All it required was a hundred or so mozos to cut the brush and maybe fill up holes.

In a few days they notified us that the field was ready. I flew up to look it over. It was a flat place on the far edge of town, between two hills. The way the prevailing winds blew, we would have to land over one hill and toward the other. There was room enough to do that, but none to spare.

I noticed that they were all set to have a celebration, as usual, to dedicate the new field. There was artillery drawn up on the hills at both ends. That was a waste of good powder but it was their custom.

I cut my motor and glided in for a landing. The wheels touched the ground; I rolled toward the line of guns on the far hill. All hell broke loose as all those guns fired at me point-blank. They didn't wait until I stopped rolling, and that spoiled their aim.

I NEVER did stop rolling. I poured soup to the old girl and yanked her off the ground again. I barely had flying speed, but I took a chance on stalling and zoomed over the gunners' heads, missing them by inches only. As I went by they worked on me with their pistols and shot a lot more holes in the poor old Swallow.

Here is what had happened. The enemy had unexpectedly decided to attack Boaco. When I hove into sight, the rival battle lines were drawn up at the ends of the new flying field. Being dumb, I had landed smack in the center of no man's land! My landing started the battle. Well, I suppose somebody had to start it.

This time our fans had designed an aerial machine gun. They had ruined a perfectly good Lewis gun. It was still all right for a few shots but wouldn't fire long at a time without overheating. They insisted that it would act differently in the air, and selected a fan named Alfredo as gunner for the test flight. He installed the gun in Mason's ship. I decided to ride alongside and see what happened. We took off in formation.

A lot of things happened fast. Alfredo started shooting before we were well off the ground. He shot two holes in the hangar; he clipped a load wire on Mason's ship; he put three holes in his tail; and before I could get out of range he put a burst into my wing. Then the gun froze. That was our first and only experiment with a Nicaraguan aerial machine gunner.

We held Boaco. Beyond the town was a range of mountains. Nobody held them—they were too rugged—but we held both flanks. On the far side Sandino made his headquarters near Muy Muy. Not far from there we had at last found the Hill of the Horse. We had been picking away at it, hoping to score a direct hit and blow up the munitions which were hidden there.

I was flying pretty low over the place one morning. A bullet clipped off the rocker assembly of one of my cylinders. That left me with only seven. The motor bucked badly. But all my bombs were gone and the ship was light; with luck I could make it to Boaco.

I was in trouble, but this time they didn't quit firing at me. Another bullet hit my throttle control; it cut the rod squarely in half. The vibration of the missing motor joggled the throttle more than half closed; the motor died and I couldn't do a thing about it.

I was coming down fast into enemy territory.

A tough, tough spot! In what guise did luck save Major Brooks's life this time? And how many more touch-and-go escapes was he to have before the marines landed? He'll tell you, and conclude his story, in Liberty next week.

Should Business Women Adopt Babies?

The successful woman with a job dreams of adopting a child to ward off loneliness.

Is It More Getting than Giving?—A Thoughtful, Arresting Look at a New and Growing Life-Problem of Today

by

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FRANCES CARY said: "That'll be all for this morning, Miss Bellows," and her prim efficient secretary faded from the room. She turned to me and said, "You were a lamb to answer my S O S so promptly."

I replied: "Lamb nothing! I've an insatiable curiosity. You phoned that you had something exciting to tell me, so I took a taxi over. Life's pretty dull these days. A promise of something exciting would get me out of a sickbed."

Frances laughed. "Maybe I'll disappoint you, at that," she hedged. "Don't be too hopeful, my dear!"

I said, "Out with it!"

Frances leaned back in her tooled-leather desk chair for a long moment before she spoke.

"It's just," she said, "that I'm going to have a baby. And I wanted you to be the first to know."

I gasped—and left my mouth standing open, like a fish. And then I said the first thing that came into my mind: "But you're not — married!"

Frances laughed again. She laughed until the tears stood in her fine eyes. "True enough," she said; "I'm not married. And I'm crowding forty—on the wrong side. So what?"

I asked, still gasping: "When are you going to have this—baby?"

Frances told me: "Day after tomorrow, if the luck holds. Don't be an idiot, darling—I'm going to adopt it! Leaving the question of scandal out of things, I wouldn't have time to acquire a baby in any other way!"

I relaxed. I closed my mouth. I said finally: "As Great-aunt Susan would have put it, 'You gave me quite a turn!'"

Frances chuckled. "I hope you're not too weak from shock to help me choose a layette and some baby furniture. We'll have a bite of luncheon first and then dash over to Darp's. I've got to be back at the office for a conference by three."

It was while we bought baby things—and *such* baby things!—at Darp's Department Store that Frances told me about the imminent addition to her ménage. The impulse back of that addition, she said, had swept over her suddenly as she sat in a beauty shop the week before, getting a facial. "I realized, with all my make-up rubbed away," she confessed, "that I was rapidly approaching a lost and lonely era, and that I was without close ties. I realized also that my seven-room penthouse didn't get half enough exercise—that I was paying through the nose for a lot of valuable sunshine I hadn't the opportunity to enjoy, and a spare room so isolated that it would make a gorgeous nursery.

"I went straight home from the beauty shop to find a note waiting for me. It was from a trained nurse—the one who was so devoted last winter when I was down with the flu—asking if I knew of a regular job for her. Trained nurses have been having a thin time lately. And so when I dined with a doctor friend of mine who told me all about a beautiful baby—illegitimate and entirely undesired—that he had just delivered, I felt the setup was perfect. I fairly leaped at the chance!"

"But," I stammered, "is it as easy as that? I should suppose you'd have to go to Children's Societies and Adoption Bureaus and all sorts of places. And practically be fingerprinted and blood-tested and—"

Frances interrupted: "That's the case, usually, but I know this doctor well and he's arranging things. He's sort of bootlegging the baby. There are so few hundred-per-cent perfect babies, you see—mine is!—and the waiting lists for them are so long. And besides, I'm too busy to unwind miles of red tape."

"Are you sure," I questioned, "that you're not too busy to have a baby?"

Frances looked at me with her level, humorous gaze. "Going Victorian, aren't you?" she said. "Wondering how my daughter—it's a girl—will get along while mummy is delving in the marts of trade! Well, let me tell you this: My child will have the best of care, and the best of equipment, and the best of food. She'll have less cooing over her crib, perhaps, and less germy kissing of the toesies, and less hit-or-miss affection and showing off and nervous excitement *now;* but as she gets older she'll look forward to having me come home at twilight, and week ends and holidays will mean something to her because of my exalted presence. Furthermore, she won't get in my hair and I won't get in hers—not that she has any hair at the moment!"

"But," I said, "if you're right and there aren't enough babies to go around, you're defrauding some twenty-four-hour-a-day mother of the job for which nature intended her. Look at it that way!"

Frances told me: "I refuse to look at it that way. Just because I'll subscribe to a diaper service instead of washing 'em out by hand—that's what being a twenty-four-hour-a-day mother to an infant actually means—is no criterion. I'll be an adequate parent, I promise you. What do you say we let it go at that?"

I looked at Frances searchingly before I answered. And to my surprise her usually emotionless face was swept with tenderness and her eyes were misty. So—I let it go at that. . . .

It is true. The business woman who is successful can give an adopted child a tremendous number of physical advantages. The infant wear that she buys, between appointments, is invariably adorable, and the nurse she provides is bound to be adequate. Also it's quite true about the bedtime hour and week ends. They matter very decidedly to the child—adopted or otherwise—of the business woman. But does that child, surrounded by physical and material comforts, miss a certain spiritual something that contact with a twenty-four-hour-a-day mother can give? Call that spiritual something a softness, if you will. . . .

I have friends—a childless child-loving couple—who, after long searching and a longer period of probation, reached the head of an adoptional waiting list. They didn't have any doctor who would "bootleg" their baby for them. When, after a tense and anxious period, they became the foster parents of a little boy, they were the happiest creatures in the world. The fact that the little boy wasn't a hundred-per-cent specimen—he was a frail undernourished mite—didn't make any difference. They took him into their hearts and their home with a simultaneous all-embracing gesture.

This couple—we'll call them the Smiths—hadn't very much in the way of worldly goods. They lived on the third floor of an old-fashioned walk-up apartment house, and they had to budget their income carefully. The baby meant working overtime for Mr. Smith, meant giving up membership in his simple club. It meant a good deal of extra work for Mrs. Smith. It also meant the daily transporting of a carriage up and down three flights of stairs so that the child might have his regular airing. At the end of six months the Smiths gave up their flat and moved to an inexpensive suburb so that Junior—the baby was Junior by this time—could have a handkerchief of green lawn upon which to creep in the summer. That move meant even more housework for Mrs. Smith and a long trip on a commuters' train for Mr. Smith; but they didn't care. "Junior's worth any sacrifice!" they explained in unison.

AND Junior, who had been a sickly transparent-looking baby, repaid their efforts and sacrifices. He waxed strong and healthy. Before too long he had hard red cheeks like winter apples, and sparkling eyes, and he gurgled continually with elfin mirth.

I'm not saying, as I recount this story, that Junior would have worked out differently if he had been adopted by my business friend Frances Cary. Her trained nurse would have brought the sparkle to those eyes and the roses to those cheeks by different—and probably less laborious—methods. The results would have been identical in the final analysis. But would Frances have experienced the same God feeling—granted upon occasion to parents—that the Smiths feel every time they glance at their baby? And would Junior, as he grew older, be aware of this lack? It's a hard question to answer—probably it's a question that should go unanswered!

Of course a good many business women are married and have children of their own. They manage their homes and their families with real efficiency—almost as well as they manage their offices. They are an argument—a glowing argument—for the double pull of parenthood and profession. And yet they aren't, for some reason, a real argument for the more than double pull of profession and *adopted* parenthood!

A married business woman, you see, doesn't always plan for her babies. Sometimes God sends them with scant warning and at inopportune times. I have known business women who arranged for blessed events with skill and precision—I call to mind one magazine editor who stage-managed a Caesarean in that brief breathing space between the closing of one issue and the laying out of the next! But it isn't always a matter of choice, this career of motherhood, when the babies come in the regular way. Whereas in the case of adoption it is a matter of choice, and of choice alone.

But I can't help feeling that a woman whose child is flesh of her flesh will never—well, hardly ever—be neglectful or openly resentful of the claims of that child. And I can't help wondering whether a mother who has gone to an orphanage rather than into the valley of the shadow will have that same lack of resentment when times are hard and the once opulent salary has been cut. As for neglect—does she know, always, the finer shadings of the word?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

has had a crowded career as editor, war correspondent, and free-lance writer. She has contributed brilliant articles and stories to the leading magazines and is the author of more than a dozen books. She is married and lives in New York City.

I'm thinking, at the moment, of two women who work in the same office. They're a pair of jolly old maids. Each one has an adequate income for her own needs and a small attractive apartment. Lately they've been bitten by the adoption bug. "Janet and I," the elder of the pair told me, "can't afford a baby apiece. We don't make enough—or save enough—to provide singly for a baby's present, let alone for the years ahead. So we've decided that we'll adopt a part-time youngster."

"WHAT," I queried blankly, "do you mean?"

"Oh," said my informant airily, "we'll adopt a baby between us. Janet will have it over at her place part of the time—I'll have it part of the time. We'll share its expenses and put by equal amounts for its education. It might work out very well indeed!"

Yes, it might work out very well. But I'm inclined to think—if any adoption board permitted such an arrangement—that it wouldn't. Experiments don't work out very well when the human being who is the object of the experiment is too small to protest. I'm afraid the part-time baby would grow up with its emotions, its sense of allegiance and its little loyalties badly jangled. . . .

To go back to my business friend Frances Cary. As she admitted frankly, the impulse to have a child came over her when she realized that she was facing the comparative isolation of life's autumn. She wanted a baby to ward off this loneliness—to, in short, give her an interest in life. And she was willing to pay, and pay well, in clothes and food and equipment and care for that interest. I'm sure, from the gentle expression in her eyes, that she was willing to pay for it in many other ways. But—leaving her honest desire to "do right by a baby" out of it—her reason for wanting a child was a selfish one. She wanted a child for what she'd get out of that child in affection, in companionship, in the modern equivalent of reverence.

And—see, I'm going Victorian again!—that isn't the attitude to have toward a child, whether you adopt it or the stork brings it. A child should be introduced into the family circle, even if that family circle is limited to one person, on the basis of *what the parent can contribute.* Motherhood, especially optional motherhood, shouldn't be guided by getting but by giving. By giving love, protection, a set of ideals that will be a guard against what—in this changing scene—must needs be a precarious future. By giving material things and those things of the spirit. And, to my mind, if a woman is all set to give these gifts to her adopted child, it doesn't matter much whether she's a business woman or not. It's the quality, not the quantity, of the hours that she spends with her baby that matters!

THE END

SKILL... born of 71 years' experience

HERE at Frankfort, we cling to the hallowed old-fashioned method of distilling whiskey. To it, we add all the skill that four generations of experience have given us.

This method is slow, and it is costly. But we believe it is the *only* way to achieve the rich, full-flavored mellowness that has set Paul Jones apart as one of America's truly great whiskies.

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 92 PROOF

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

We Were Ready to Kill

A MAN stood at the window of a New York club, gazing down upon Fifth Avenue, alive with marching young men in uniform. A band blared Over There.

"Suppose they never get 'over there'!" the man growled.

His words reached a near-by group of men. Sharply, one asked, "Why, what do you mean?"

He replied, "Just forget I said that, will you?"

But their faces showed they wouldn't. They knew that he was Charles R. De Woody, head of the New York branch of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, an ace among American secret operatives. Why should he mutter, "Suppose they never get 'over there'"? His friends insisted on knowing.

"Well, I'll tell you," he burst out at last, "if you all swear to keep it secret. All right. Here it is, the crisis of the World War. We're sending those fine boys overseas. But out at sea transports may blow up or burst into flames. Why? German spies and bomb men. I know how to catch them—but, by God, my own government won't let me!"

"Spies? I thought they'd all been caught!"

"Enough to make trouble are still at large, left behind when we sent home von Bernstorff. Also there were left behind records showing who *all* those spies and bomb men are—the records of the German secret service. They're locked up in the Consulate General of Switzerland, at 11 Broadway, down at the Battery. And the Department of Justice must have them!

"We got the tip," he went on, "from a foreign diplomat. Then one of our cleverest operatives got a job as a Postal Telegraph messenger, especially assigned to deliver telegrams to the Swiss Consulate. He spotted what looked like the records, sealed up. He made a wax impression of the seal. I had to consult the Attorney General. Here's what he told me: 'Legally, the suite the consulate occupies is Swiss soil. You must not raid it!'"

"And because of that quibble," one of De Woody's hearers exclaimed, "those boys out there may drown like rats!"

For minutes there was silence. Then the spark of an idea ran from one man to another—business men, professional men, society men, members of old New York families.

"Charley, we want to talk," said one of them. "What you don't know won't hurt you."

De Woody stared at him, then hurried out of the room.

Thus was formed "The Nathan Hale Company." Its books, if they tell anything, tell the thrilling tale of the greatest American victory in the secret war of spy and counterspy in 1918. In that war the American secret services triumphed. Official reports account for it briefly: "A list of enemy agents, left behind by the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, was found." Of how the list was "found" the true story can now be told.

Down a dark empty corridor rang laughter. It was after midnight. The night watchman stopped, rapped on a door. Silence. Then a great voice roared, "*Come* in!"

In an office newly furnished a group of six men sat playing poker. One of them, a giant, said, "Just a friendly game! Don't worry about *us*." Another handed the night watchman an expensive cigar. He thanked them heartily and bowed himself out.

The name on their door was The Nathan Hale Company.

The watchman climbed a flight of stairs. Before him glinted a large sign: THE CONSULATE GENERAL OF SWITZERLAND. He tried the door. Locked. He started up another flight. About time for his usual nap. Quiet, way up here in the sky, even if it was July 3, the night before Independence Day.

Shod with silence, those cardplayers were creeping up the stairs. They clutched revolvers and blackjacks.

Catlike, one followed the watchman. Noiselessly another unlocked the door of the Swiss Consulate. Like padded panthers they flitted within and down a corridor to another door. Again a key turned. Their flashlights skipped about—revealing only a roll-top desk, a bulging trunk, and an old-fashioned wardrobe.

But one of them gave a sudden tug at the bookcase—and revealed a small steel safe. A pull at the wardrobe door, and the flashlight gleamed upon filing cases.

"There they are! Fourteen of 'em!"

Enmeshing the filing cases was binding tape—red, white, black—with blobs of brownish-red sealing wax, stamped with the coat of arms of the German Empire. Besides, the cases were sealed with large paper seals, red and blue. How open them without leaving traces?

"Look for the original seal!" snapped the big man.

He jimmied open the roll-top desk. Nothing. Others searched the bookcase, beneath the safe, even beneath the rug. Then from a dark corner one dragged an ancient umbrella. Out of it fell the German official seal!—and a box of paper seals of that same red and blue.

Now eagerly all went to work. From the tapes the wax seals were removed; then carefully they were untied.

The big man drew out the first drawer. One folder after another he took from it and dropped on the desk top. In the flashlights' glare they all crowded around him.

"Here they are!" the big man exclaimed. "Here's old Dr. Scheele, the bomb maker! Here's Paul Koenig, and his strong-arm water-front gang! And here's a *new* name, and another— By God, it's a cleanup!"

Silent figures bore great armfuls of papers and folders from the filing cases downstairs to the office of the Nathan Hale Company. As each case was emptied, it was closed with care, taped and resealed, and covered with dust.

The big man pulled out one drawer after another. One stuck. He tugged; it yielded. He gave a low cry.

At the back of the drawer was a package addressed to Count Johann von Bernstorff. It was heavy. The big man opened it. He drew forth a beautiful Browning automatic pistol; oiled, loaded, ready. With it was a note, on crested paper, to the ambassador:

"In America, you are in danger, so I send you this, and urge you to keep it always with you."

The note was signed, "Wilhelm."

A sudden sound interrupted. All stood tense. A lookout darted in: "The watchman! He's coming down!"

The raiders stared at one another. They had hoped to elude the watchman. But if he caught them, they would give him his choice: to vow silence as a patriotic American, or to be thrown from a high window, apparently another "skyscraper suicide."

A key scraped in the outer office door. Footsteps sounded, nearer and nearer. They stopped outside the

Now It Can Be Told!

An Amazing Wartime Secret— How Six New Yorkers Risked Death to Save Our Doughboys

by

THOMAS M. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. D. STEVENS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

"Suddenly the room was illuminated." At right: The late C. R. De Woody.

door behind which the raiders waited. The watchman's flashlight filtered through the keyhole.

Suddenly they heard a key rasp. He was coming in.

Suppose he showed fight and the alarm were given? Or suppose, if they did throw him out of a window, the hurtling body were seen? For every man in the room *that* would mean, perhaps, the electric chair.

The door was opening slowly. The leader raised the Kaiser's pistol. Calmly he aimed—to kill.

DEATH seemed to be behind that watchman. He pushed the door open wider; he took one step into the room. Then, in the main office, the clock began to strike.

One! it boomed.

The watchman turned his head to listen.

Two!

His flashlight turned on to the dial of his watch.

Three!

He raised the watch to his ear. "Hell! Stopped!" He turned, slammed the door, and his footsteps receded.

The big man dropped the Kaiser's pistol.

"*Boy!*" he gasped. "Thank God for that bum watch!"

Freed from that nightmare of suspense, he and the rest completed the covering of their tracks. But now men who had been working at the safe and trunk reported: "We can't open them. They must be made in Germany."

If they stayed longer tonight, they risked detection. They tiptoed downstairs to the Nathan Hale office. The big man pointed to a wall calendar:

"July fourth. The better the day, the better the deed!"

The day after the holiday he called upon a friend who manufactured safes and locks. "I've got just the man for you," said his friend. "A German-American but absolutely reliable."

So, when the night watchman looked in upon another nocturnal poker game, he saw a new face. But gratefully he took the drink they offered him. He went upstairs for his nap. He awoke to find the sun rising and his head feeling queer.

Wherefore, this time there was no delay in the Swiss Consulate. The safe-cracker flung open the trunk's lid. The rest pressed forward eagerly—then cursed.

The trunk held two sofa cushions, several battered hats, and a pile of old copies of *Fliegende Blätter*, a favorite German humorous paper.

Suppose the safe— But there was no joke about what that yielded. First, a long sealed envelope. It contained a list of names, addresses, and phone numbers.

"The German spies in New York!" the big man exclaimed. "A complete list—all we needed!"

But there was more: a code book—the secret code the German spies used among themselves; twenty-two Iron Crosses, and a golden Prussian Eagle, wherewithal to reward the successful.

Suddenly the room was illuminated. Clearly revealed stood the open safe, the shining medals, and a sinister-looking crew gripping blackjacks and revolvers. The window shade had rolled up and let in the moonlight. What if any one had seen?

A few moments later dark figures slipped from the door of the office building to the sidewalk.

"Hey, you!"

The voice was a police sergeant's. Were they caught? He pointed an accusing finger at their car. "Do ye belong to this, that ye leave it parked all night?"

The tension snapped. The sergeant was shocked at their levity, and had to be shown a special police card. He would not have recognized them in the well groomed gentlemen who met next day as directors and solemnly dissolved the Nathan Hale Company.

Presently a loaded truck rumbled away from the office building. And next morning in De Woody's mail came a letter. He summoned one of his right-hand men. "This looks like another nut letter," he said. "But you might take a run out to this vacant house on Long Island and see if you do find anything 'very valuable to the United States government.'"

Some hours later on De Woody's desk fell a hard heavy package. "'Count Johann von Bernstorff,'" he read. "Why, what's this?"

"That's the Kaiser's pistol," replied the explorer of Long Island. "And here's the code book and a complete list of German spies. And there's a truckload more—"

"Oh, my God! Here's the break I've been praying for—but you know what the Attorney General said!"

"What of it? This stuff was turned over to the Department of Justice anonymously. Your hands are clean."

"Whoopee! You're right!" cried De Woody. "That ought to hold the Attorney General!"

So the New York office of the Department of Justice got to work, and in consequence American transports crossed the ocean safely.

THE END

HIGH BOAT

by ROBERT E. PINKERTON

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SALMON fishermen trolling off Cape Flattery never heard the story of Damon and Pythias, and were in no way the losers. They had Tom Engdal and Arne Nielsen.

Nerves slat like halyards in that withering drive for fish, and those deep-sea rovers did not quite understand the accord that had persisted through ten years, seven in the old Tatoosh, three in the new. Like prospectors and trappers, salmon trollers prefer solitude to clash of thought or of habit; even stake their lives to remain in sole command of craft and self.

Yet often at night, when tempers were worn thin by stress and bodies ached from toil, they could hear Tom Engdal's laughter across a mile of heaving ground swell on Forty Mile Bank. Always they had a jest from Arne when they dragged lines close to the Tatoosh. And none drove harder than these two; few caught so many fish.

Tom and Arne came into Neah Bay one fall when the first savage sou'easter of the season had settled to its dirty business. Only a few fishermen had not quit for the year, and they watched tensely after their first glimpse of the Tatoosh flailing her tall poles through the smother.

They did not speak, for each knew so well what a terrific beating the thirty-six-foot craft had taken on Swiftsure Bank and in the mad rips at the entrance of Juan de Fuca Strait.

Later, when Tom eased her alongside the fish scow, they could see his huge face almost filling a window of the tiny wheelhouse. Red hair topped it thickly and red stubble spread from beneath his eyes. Those eyes were dragged back into his head by fatigue, but there was still a glow in them, not of triumph but of warmth for the group on the scow.

"Hi, boys!" he bellowed as he squeezed his enormous bulk through the door and scrambled forward to pass the bowline. In oilskins and boots Tom was like a Kadiak bear, and as deceptively agile on the reeling deck.

Arne Nielsen popped up from below.

"Give me a rake, Charley," he called to the fish buyer. "I gotta clean the jellyfish off the top o' the wheelhouse."

Tom Engdal's roaring laughter rose above the howl of the gale. Men on the scow grinned but they did not laugh. They, too, had come in when the strait was smoking and knew that death, not jellyfish, perched atop a wheelhouse.

"You wouldn't feel so cute if your engine had quit on you out there," Karl Holand of the Fish Hawk said as he took the stern line.

"Not this engine in the Tatoosh," Arne retorted. "Tom thinks maybe I ought to watch her, but I put on a pot roast out by Swiftsure lightship, and most o' the time I just watch the roast."

Again Tom's laughter drowned the gale. Then he was on the scow, gripping shoulders and shaking them so heartily that teeth rattled. He did not speak, just shook and slapped and laughed.

"You must 'a' had a good trip," Karl Holand said.

"Purty good," Tom drawled as he watched Arne remove the hatch. "Anyway, it's the last."

His great shoulders sagged with weariness. They did not lift when Charley Swan, the fish buyer, looked down into the Tatoosh's hold and yelled:

"Are they the fishin' fools! Two years ago—yeah, '23—they was high boat. They missed by less'n a hundred dollars last year, and now— Get 'em on to the scales, boys."

Forking eight thousand pounds of spring salmon from hold to scow was a punishing job for men worn by months of labor and just in from seven days of heavy work and seven nights of scant sleep, the whole capped by a twelve-hour fight with a gale. As the first big fish came out, stiff from the ice, the movements of Tom and Arne were slow and awkward. But quickly they fell into the beat of it. Forks alternated beautifully. Bodies swayed with fixed rhythm.

"Look at 'em!" Karl Holand whispered to Charley Swan. "Everything on the Tatoosh is like that. Two halves fitted together to make one skookum fisherman."

"Sure," Charley nodded. "After ten years they don't have to talk any more. They even think the same."

No one left the scow until the weighing and grading had been finished, for they knew a season's history was about to be written. Arne went below to tuck neatly peeled potatoes beside the roast. It sizzled in a big iron kettle that clung to the rolling stove with hooks and chains of his own devising. When he returned to the scow Charley Swan was licking a pencil with growing excitement.

"By God, you boys do it again!" he shouted. "This trip it's six hundred and twenty-eight dollars and forty-five cents! For the season—" The pencil jerked over the figures. "Yep! You top forty-five hundred dollars by twelve sixty. Is that fishin'!"

Tom and Arne grinned as Charley thumped their shoulders.

"Somebody's got to be high boat, and if it ain't me, I'm not kickin' when it's the

TANG OF THE SEA AND LOVE OF A WOMAN— IN AS SWIFT AND SALTY A STORY AS YOU'LL FIND!

Forking eight thousand pounds of spring salmon from hold to scow was a punishing job for men worn by months of labor. But quickly they fell into the beat of it. Bodies swayed with fixed rhythm.

Tatoosh," Karl Holand said. "I'll be around to get a drink this winter."

Tom's laughter boomed. Arne jumped down to the deck.

"I got to look at the roast," he said as he ducked below.

The kettle cover clanged and then the motor barked. Tom cast off, took the wheel.

"Wait!" Charley shouted. "I forgot the letter."

He found it in his office, handed it down. Tom stared curiously at the envelope. Sometimes they received advertising matter from fishermen's supply houses, and about once a year Tom heard from his brother Chris on the Columbia. But this was for Arne, and the writing was delicate, the address definite — "Care of Charley Swan, Neah Bay, Washington."

"Guess this is for you," Tom said as he passed the letter down the companionway.

Arne stared at it blankly. Then in sudden confusion he stuffed it into a pocket and went forward in the cabin. Tom turned the Tatoosh to her mooring. The smell of

ILLUSTRATION BY KAROLY SZANTO

sputtering pot roast filled the wheelhouse and opened glands in his mouth. After a bit he could hear Arne letting down the table, laying out cups and plates. Tom made fast quickly, snugged down on deck, shed his oilskins, and went below.

"High boat twice now!" he roared exultantly. "Can the Tatoosh get fish!"

Arne grinned as he carved the meat. "Next year we beat 'em all ag'in," he declared.

The gale was whistling now. The Tatoosh rolled and her halyards slatted viciously.

"Let her blow!" Tom chuckled. "Tonight we sleep around the clock and tomorrow we go home."

"Home" meant the Tatoosh in a tiny landlocked harbor across from Seattle, with other trolling vessels anchored near, a long winter in which to replace wasted flesh, ease ragged nerves, and overhaul craft and gear.

"Sure," Arne agreed. "Let her blow."

His voice had a strange new note but Tom did not catch it. The elation of being co-king of the Flattery fleet was fading before the accumulated weariness of months. Even his vast good nature and kindliness were at a low ebb. He would not have admitted it, but he had dug deeply for the grit to carry them through those final shattering miles between Swiftsure lightship and safety.

"We won't go to Seattle right away," Tom said. "I could eat and sleep for a week."

Arne hesitated. "I'll take the ferry," he said.

"Ferry!" Tom repeated. "Why?"

"I gotta buy a new suit—and things."

"But you can't sleep in a new suit."

Arne crammed a big chunk of roast into his mouth and chewed rapidly.

"Gotta, Tom," he said at last. "You gotta have a new suit, too, to be best man in. That letter—Helga—she said it's all right. We get spliced next week."

Tom's jaws had been moving steadily. Now they locked and his heavy lids lifted with a jerk.

"Last winter, when I went down to the Columbia to visit Chris?" he asked in a stupefied tone.

"And after," Arne grinned sheepishly.

With a steady hand Tom poured more coffee, but milk ran unheeded from the can until the cup slopped over.

"And you wantin' to run from a bit o' breeze!"

The words came through a haze of bewilderment and anger.

Arne stared in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Tom did not answer. He jumped from the table and stormed up the companion. Arne tried to eat but could not. He could only sit and listen to an unfamiliar sound—Tom's rubber boots thudding on the short afterdeck heavily, back and forth, without pause.

AFTER what seemed a long, long time, Tom crashed down the steps.

"You know what I mean!" he shouted, his bellow tinged by a high thin note. "This last trip. When she breezed up a bit the first night. I thought you was sick maybe, or tired out. We been drivin' hard this season. But you wasn't thinkin' fish. You was thinkin' Helga. You didn't care if we was high boat or had a good trip. You was thinkin' about her, wantin' to run to the British side, wantin' to hunt a hole from a bit o' breeze."

Arne stared with a stunned expression. He had scarcely heard the words, was aware only of a bitterness he had never known in Tom Engdal.

"You gone crazy?" he asked hoarsely.

For answer, Tom reached into a pocket, drew out a half dollar and slapped it on the table.

"Toss it!" he shouted. "Call it right and you buy my half of the Tatoosh. Lose, and I buy yours."

"But we can keep on fishin'!" the astounded Arne protested.

"When you got a wife ashore? With you watchin' the glass all the time? You'd be afraid of the sea—always huntin' a hole on the British side—wantin' to come back to Neah Bay before we run out o' ice."

Big, generous, amiable Tom Engdal, stranger to anger, was helpless now in its grip. His huge fists were clenched. His great chest heaved.

"Listen, Tom!" Arne pleaded. "We can fish just the same."

"Just the same? Hah! Maybe ten years from now. But a new wife's different. She keeps a man's mind off fish. Toss it!"

Arne was the more disorganized because he could not understand this change that had come to Tom. Desperately he grasped at a last chance.

"If we toss, what's the Tatoosh worth?"

Tom's anger had not permitted thought of that.

"Fair way is to settle it first," Arne pressed his point eagerly.

"All right," and Tom tore a leaf from an account book, ripped it in two. "Write your figger on that. I'll write mine. Halfway between is the price."

Arne could not argue against the fairness of an estimate made before either knew whether he would be buyer or seller. Each wrote, passed his slip across the little table.

Tom read, and grunted his astonishment. A warm glow came to Arne's eyes. For a moment his gaze was locked with that of Tom. Even in discord and in anger they had agreed. Each had, from honesty, from common understanding, from the harmony of years, written the same figure.

"I guess maybe, Tom—"

The big man shook himself. He felt only that he must not relinquish his grip on this hardness that had come to him, for he saw it as the only protection from a great hurt.

"Toss it, man!"

Reluctantly Arne's hand went toward the coin. He knew this was stupid, unthinkable, yet he felt unable to do anything about it. Decisions had always come so easily. He and Tom had never had to thrash things out. Now he did not know how to begin. In a daze he tossed, and lost.

ROBERT E. PINKERTON

who, with Mrs. Pinkerton, has written and sold two million words in the last ten years, started life in Wisconsin. Early experiences included newspaper work, hunting and trapping, and an interval when he cooked four meals a day for sixty very hungry men.

TOM ENGDAL lived alone in the Tatoosh that winter. He did not see Arne Nielsen but he heard of him often from other fishermen anchored in the little cove. Some went to the wedding in Helga's ranch house. Others crossed the sound to a boat yard for repairs and reported on the new troller Arne was building.

Her name was to be Helga but she would be an exact duplicate of the Tatoosh. The same molds were being used. Arne had insisted that he be employed on the craft, and Helga, happy in her release from widowhood, was resentful of his absence.

"You bite each board," she complained.

"If I see the Helga go together I know she stay together when the westerlies blow on Forty Mile," Arne insisted. "It's the way Tom and me built the Tatoosh."

All this reached Tom in the small world of the wintering cove. He pretended not to have interest, but he clutched each item and fed it over and over again to the forced draft of his resentment. Vaguely he felt that this draft was forced, but the entire situation was too new and astounding to permit analysis. The tiny cabin of the Tatoosh was so lonely, meals were so tasteless, life was so empty. Big, gentle, simple Tom Engdal could only feel he was a victim of Arne's weakness. He brooded through the winter, and in the spring he emerged a savage, silent creature.

The Tatoosh was in Neah Bay early, when southerly winds still had weight, but she was not there before the Helga. Charley Swan, on the fish scow, could not tell one from the other unless he were close enough to read the names. When Tom saw the Helga he stared angrily. She was an affront, he felt, to his craft and to himself.

"Never mind, old girl," he muttered as he gripped a spoke of the wheel. "She may look like you, but she can't act like you, or fish like you. We'll show 'em."

The Tatoosh seemed to understand. Her first trip, out to turbulent Forty Mile Bank off Vancouver Island, resulted in $400 worth of salmon. The next was not so

good. Tom hung on stubbornly until his ice was gone, but the fish simply were not running. He came back, to be held in Neah Bay with the entire fleet for days, while all the wind in the North Pacific tried to force Cape Flattery back among the Olympic Mountains.

In the past, when idleness was forced upon them, Tom and Arne had visited among the thickly moored trolling vessels or lounged on the fish scow. Tom's laugh had been as familiar as the booming of the foghorn on Tatoosh Island. He had never cracked jokes, or tried to. Arne had done that, and Tom had loved Arne's jests. He had carried them to success by sheer volume of appreciation. Always they had been together, good-humored, generous, welcomed on any craft.

Now Tom remained below. His laugh would have brought men clambering to a hundred decks, but it was never heard. Tom Engdal was like a great bear that had long roamed the mountains happy and unthinking until shot by a hunter he had not even seen. Hurt, baffled, savagely resentful, he hid in his den and nursed a wound he could not understand and that would not heal.

THE Tatoosh was the first to leave when the westerly gave signs of easing. She went out at sunset, leaping crazily in the rips, crashing gallantly into great seas in the open Pacific. Tom forced her brutally, asked all she had. The long night through he stood at the wheel, his body wedged against the violent motion, his eyes straining against spray and darkness. He passed the wallowing Swiftsure lightship, drove on until in the first dawn Cape Beale light showed faintly abeam.

The breeze was still too strong and the waves were too heavy for Tom to leave the wheel long enough to cook a meal. In a lull he dropped below and lighted alcohol to prime the oil burner. A wave slammed the bow off before he could get back to the wheel. Many swift trips down the steps finally produced fire, coffee, bread, and cold meat.

It was too rough to begin fishing; but as soon as he had eaten, Tom began relentlessly to set out his gear. He unlashed the tall slender main poles and lowered them into their crotches, where they rode at a forty-five-degree angle. Each carried two lines which, with highly polished spoons and heavy lead sinkers, were dropped overboard.

That was not so bad. Tom had the shelter of the wheelhouse, could easily reach the wheel. The forward gear was another matter, for the Tatoosh rolled and lunged; icy spray slashed his face and oilskins; wet, slippery decks careened; and always the bow was falling off before gust or wave.

But Tom hung on precariously, uncrossed the bow poles, dropped them into place, released the lines. A wind from Bering Sea whipped his face as red as his hair and puffed fingers

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
POLYNESIAN PIPE
I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS
FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR
SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT
PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?
CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE
THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING—LIKED IT—AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN
HERE IT IS—A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE
NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW
IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH PRINCE ALBERT EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE
OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
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BEING 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. GIVES ME A COOLER, MILDER SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT'S MY TOBACCO. IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE

already swollen. Constantly the sea's fingers reached over rail and bow, seeking to drag him off.

When he was back safely he cast a float over the stern to carry a seventh line from the masthead and then went to the little fishing well aft. He was cold, tired from the long night's battle with the dying gale, but he stood there, the auxiliary tiller between his legs, alert for the first jerk of a line.

The little Tatoosh climbed the huge swells, hung dizzily, yawed as the crests passed beneath her, rolled until her poles were almost in the water, swung drunkenly on. The motor, throttled for two and a half knots, whipped the big wheel steadily through strain and freedom and barked unrhythmically with its two-cylinder timing.

Nothing happened. The lines cut the water with a hissing sound as the swaying poles drove them down, but none gave notice of a fish. One by one, Tom drew them in, removed the twenty-pound lead sinkers and substituted others weighing thirty pounds. He caught a few salmon then. They had struck hooks which sank deepest. Laboriously he changed to forty-pound leads.

The heavier sinkers pulled the hooks down to fish. A pole twitched. Tom drew a line inboard, took a turn on the spool, shoved the gurdy into gear, and waited impatiently while the motor dragged in a leaping, fighting bulldog of the sea.

They gave him no rest. No sooner had he released one line than he jerked in another. Big spring salmon, weighing twenty to forty pounds, fought the more furiously when the gaff snagged them, fought until they were clubbed into submission.

Fish slid along the scuppers and along the hatch. The deck was red with their blood. And always the gurdy was in gear, always a line coming in.

For three hours the run continued, and then abruptly ceased. Tom straightened a stiff back to stare exultantly across the empty waste, and found the Helga only a quarter of a mile away. Arne was still working, still in the fish. A swell heeled the Helga over and Tom saw her afterdeck covered with salmon.

Blindly, without plan, Tom thrust a knee against the tiller and swung eastward. The Tatoosh thrashed her long poles through wide arcs when the great rollers caught her counter, but Tom was not aware of it. He saw in Arne's presence on the banks only an affront, a challenge to his opinion of fishermen with new wives. All the sullen bitterness of the lonely winter flared anew, flared higher when he found the ocean empty except for the Tatoosh and the Helga. Not until afternoon did other trollers appear. Tom and Arne alone had dared the dying gale.

THE race between them began then, if it were a race. Neither spoke of it, even on the fish scow to Charley Swan, but it was inevitable that Tom and Arne should meet other fishermen at the scow or when taking on gas; that each should hear of the other's good and poor trips.

By the end of May all the fleet was aware of what was happening. Those who had known Tom and Arne for years, who liked Tom's laugh and Arne's jests, were frankly concerned. Even to men who risk their lives constantly there was something awesome in the reckless actions of these two.

No harvesters work with so pitiless a drive or such extreme absorption as fishermen. They spend themselves utterly, dare death freely, withdraw with sullen obstinacy when the sea beats them back. They live fish, dream fish, drive always for fish, and find a fierce pleasure in so doing.

But Tom and Arne raised that bright flame to incandescence. They brought a new quality to it. They were not fishing fools but fishing madmen. Rarely did either remain a night in Neah Bay for much needed sleep. Each would unload a catch, take on ice, gas, and food, and put back to sea.

They clung to the ocean floor on Forty Mile with a thousand-foot thread of manila while great waves foamed down from the Aleutians and the most dreaded graveyard of the Pacific lay directly to leeward. They scorned a falling glass and retreat to the comparative quiet of the bight behind Flattery. Instead they stuck to the open sea, battered, wrenched, deafened by crash and blast, bruised by violent motion, that they might gain a few extra fishing hours.

Tom did not see Arne again after that encounter off Cape Beale. Neither avoided the other. With two hundred deep-sea craft trolling over five hundred miles of ocean, with mists and gales, chance had no difficulty in keeping them apart. Sometimes one went south past Umatilla Reef and Destruction Island, even down to the mouth of the Columbia. The other might go northwest as far as Nootka Sound. If both were fishing on Forty Mile they could troll for days and not encounter one another.

And always they drove ceaselessly, brutally through June, through July, August. Charley Swan dreaded to see them come in, for he knew that, no matter what the weather, they would return at once to the open sea.

"Look at him!" Charley muttered to Karl Holand as the Tatoosh pulled away from the scow one foggy August evening. "So thick, a man can't tell if his pipe's lighted. Big ships blattin' out there in the strait, and runnin' full speed. He'll anchor tonight on Forty Mile and some crazy Jap freighter'll come bargin' along whistlin' only once in ten minutes. They'll get killed in a fog or a blow, and all because they've gone nuts tryin' to beat each other."

"YOU sure that's what they're doin'?" Karl asked.

"What else? If Tom gets mad because he thinks Arne won't be any good when he's married, Arne's goin' to show him, ain't he? And Tom can't stand it being beaten by a man he kicks off the Tatoosh. Those two'll stay out till Christmas—if they ain't dead first."

"Somebody ought to bat their heads together," Karl growled. "Why don't you do it?"

"Try blowin' the fog off this scow. Arne's not so bad. He ain't mad. Just feels he's got to prove a new wife don't wreck a man. It's Tom who's haywire. Never bein' mad before in his life, he don't know how to shake himself loose from a three-minute peeve. If they happened to run into each other on the scow some day they'd be kissin' and huggin' on sight."

"Next month, when there's some weight to the sou'easters—"

Karl looked out where he knew the strait to be and shrugged.

"If they last that long," Charley said. "Tom's oilskins look like they were hung on a rack. Arne always seemed small beside Tom but he weighed one ninety-four this spring. Yesterday I got him on the scales and he was under one seventy."

"No sleep, no chance to cook a decent meal out there," Karl muttered. "Two damned fools."

Tom and Arne drove on through September. Nights were longer and fishing hours were cut down. Tom forced himself as hard as before, but more time below brought a loneliness to the tiny cabin that had sheltered Arne since its first coat of varnish. Tom filled the small space amply for comfort, yet it echoed hollowly the sounds of the sea.

It was then that memories crowded in to dull the winter's fierce resentment. When the glass fell and trollers folded their poles to slip away to safety, leaving Tom alone with threats of a gale, thoughts of similar nights came to keep him company. He could not escape them. Everything in the Tatoosh was the same: the grain of the paneling, the battered top of the salt shaker, the gleaming

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brass and green bulk of the tall silent engine that thrust its lusty flywheel into the cabin—everything except Arne Nielsen's light heart.

Always on such nights their decision to "tough it out" had come so naturally and so wordlessly. Always they had washed the dishes together, bracing against the motion as young waves from the southeast tested their growing strength against veteran swells from Alaska.

And always, on such nights, Tom had tumbled into the lower berth all standing, had lashed himself down with two broad straps. Arne had pulled blankets and mattress from the upper berth and made his bed on the narrow floor space.

"Now I got no place to fall to."

Arne had never failed to say this on such nights, and Tom had never failed to laugh and then chuckle until the chuckle became a snore.

Now, made fast in his berth, Tom did not sleep so soundly. The Tatoosh rolled terrifically. The gathering breeze swung her stern into the great rollers and a new motion developed. Pans and kettles, though wedged, broke adrift. An oilcan did an endless tap dance along the motor base. The trolling poles, reaching twice as high as the riding light, swept through astounding arcs. Familiar sounds once, they were ghost sounds now.

Tom's body was weary as he drove on. His eyes were deeply sunken in his broad red face. Yet he sensed that a certain strain was gone. Days were filled with toil but were becoming curiously peaceful. He tried to figure it out as he sat in the fishing well and polished spoons during the noon slack, but only knew that the Tatoosh and the sea were more lonely than ever.

On the fish scow it was reported that Tom had thrown his barometer overboard, for he had been caught off Destruction Island by a stiff sou'easter. The Tatoosh came in without a stovepipe and with calking so loosened Tom had to put her on the beach.

HALF the deep-sea trollers had quit for the season when the Tatoosh, tight and able, was again afloat. But Tom at once put out. Only a score were left when he returned eight days later from a five-hundred-dollar trip.

He unloaded late in the afternoon. The glass was down, and already the first heavy gusts of a sou'easter were shaking things up. Charley Swan refused to give Tom ice and Tom was too tired to argue. When the Tatoosh was moored he tumbled into his berth and slept until after daylight.

It was a gale then. Tom heard it and did not even go on deck. He cooked a big meal, and food and rest were as liquor to his wasted body. In mid-forenoon he filled his gas tanks, took on stores, and went to the scow for ice.

"You're crazy!" Charley Swan protested. "She's smokin' out there now."

"This breeze'll fade," Tom said quietly. "Tonight she'll be just right to kick me to Forty Mile."

"But you've had a good season, man!" Karl Holand broke in gruffly. "You and Arne been tryin' to kill yourselves long enough."

Tom stared at Karl a moment, then turned to Charley.

"Give me my ice," he said.

Charley shrugged. Karl turned away. A half dozen fishermen watched the ice slide into the hold. None commented. They only watched and listened. Never had they known the white cascade to make such a dread sound as it rattled down the chute.

While Tom battened down the hatch, the storekeeper rowed out from the beach.

"Swiftsure lightship wirelessed a troller's in trouble," he called to the men on the scow. "Know who's out, Charley?"

EACH fisherman looked across the strait. The lightship was only twenty miles away, past the shoulder of the cape.

"Why don't they take the crew off with their lifeboat?" Karl Holand asked.

"Lightship captain said half his crew's down with flu and he can't," the storekeeper answered. "Orders are for the coast guard to go out."

Fishermen usually grinned contemptuously at mention of the little gray speedboats designed to catch rumrunners, but now they cursed.

"Those puddle jumpers!" Karl scoffed. "We'll have to go after *them*."

Tom Engdal climbed back to the scow. The "puddle jumper" was heading out into the strait. The white face of a boy at a wheelhouse window was turned pathetically toward land.

Another message came from shore. The lightship reported the troller afloat but unmanageable. Her crew of one was trying to keep her head up with the small triangular sail all trollers use to steady their craft, and he was not succeeding.

"Who is it?" fishermen asked as they scanned the bay.

"Five boats out that I know of," Charley Swan said.

He named the craft. The Helga was among them. Three, it was decided, had already sought shelter "on the British side," in one of the many rock-filled sounds or inlets along the mountainous shore of Vancouver Island. Their skippers were the cautious sort.

While they talked, Charley saw the "puddle jumper" returning. Fishermen cursed her until some one shouted from shore:

"The lightship says it's the Helga."

Tom lifted his head. He had found a seat on a fish box and had not spoken to the others. He sat there while the "puddle jumper" came alongside. Her crew clambered out as from a pesthole and babbled of breaking seas and a craft that had tried to drown herself. Contempt glistened on the wet backs of fishermen's oilskins.

"I knew Arne'd do it!" Karl Holand shouted. "I said he'd drive himself to the bottom."

A roar drowned the gale. Tom

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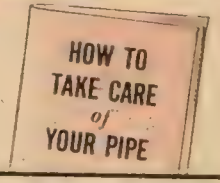

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

grasped Karl by a shoulder and spun him around.

"Arne ain't drivin' himself!" the big man bellowed. "It wasn't Arne! It was—"

He whirled and faced the coast guardsmen.

"Hah!" he shouted. "Uncle Sam pay you just so you look pretty? That little breeze out there! Lake Union sailors!"

His great arms hurled the three uniformed boys aside and he strode to the edge of the scow, leaped down to the deck of the Tatoosh, and plunged below.

His motor barked, he cast off, and the little craft headed out into the strait.

"That makes two good fishermen to fry in hell!" Charley Swan whispered.

No one else spoke. All watched the tall thrashing poles of the Tatoosh fade into the spindrift.

At first the little trolling vessel did not behave nicely. Angry hands cannot be understanding with a wheel.

But when she was well out past Duncan Rock, when the full force of the gale caught her, Tom's rage had faded before the dread that possessed him.

Tender skill flowed from his huge paws and thenceforth the Tatoosh leaped and wallowed with a defiance no longer uneasy.

She had spirit, intelligence, a certain zest.

Tom, glancing astern often, watching the great seas climb higher and higher and at last hurl themselves after their fleeing prey, felt the glow of pride such moments bring. The sea may be ugly, treacherous, without mercy, but he knew it cannot daunt the soul of a fine craft so long as she feels the comforting touch of her master.

NEARLY two hours after her departure, the Tatoosh drove past Swiftsure lightship. Words from a megaphone were shredded by the gale, but arms pointed down wind and urged Tom on.

The Tatoosh rolled viciously a mile, two miles. Tom's red eyes strained against streaming windows and the snarling tops of great seas. His heart thumped as he wondered how he could come about in such a welter, and dreaded that he would be asked to.

That dread increased. He forgot the gale. Without conscious thought, his great hands moved the spokes, held them against the terrific thrust of snarling crests. Always he was looking, searching, fiercely demanding that the quest end.

When fear came that he had run too far or was too late, a pair of black poles slashed the smother to port. Tom glimpsed a bit of wheelhouse beneath them, and nothing more.

The Tatoosh drove on. Tom studied the seas that rushed upon him, but found no chance. He moved the throttle to half speed, waited. Gust thundered after gust. Seas rolled up mast-high, each a ravenous avalanche. Tom forced himself to wait.

Then the sea itself decided. A crest threw the Tatoosh's stern into a vicious yaw. Tom let her go. The great valley smoothed out. He snapped the throttle wide open. He spun the spokes with all his strength. When the next snarling crest came rushing at her, the Tatoosh buried her bow in it, wallowed with a leaden, stricken shiver, drove before the thrust of her wheel, shook herself free.

After that it was a matter of fine judgment, of great paws resting with feather sensitiveness on throttle and wheel; a matter of eyes straining against smother, of faith and of hopelessness, until two black poles dipped into the sea straight ahead. They did not reappear.

A hatch upended. Salmon, grotesquely stiff, geysered thickly beneath the Tatoosh's bow. A black head rose among them until yellow shoulders appeared. Tom hurled a line against the wind.

Arne caught it, slipped the bo'line beneath his arms. Tom's big right hand hauled from the wheelhouse door. His left held the spokes, suddenly thrust them down.

A wave lifted Arne hungrily, but the stern of the Tatoosh slid over and snatched him from it.

"YOU had fish!" Tom shouted when Arne squeezed into the tiny wheelhouse.

"Close to ten thousand pounds."

"Hah!"

Tom eased the throttle, watched the avalanches roaring down upon them. Another sea flattened out and he snapped the throttle open, whirled the spokes.

Again the Tatoosh was driving before the gale.

"Insured?" Tom asked.

"Helga made me."

"She's got sense."

They were shouting against the wind and the crash of water. The gale settled to a prolonged roar and Tom's great hands exerted the utmost of their tenderness to keep the Tatoosh straight. She scuttled like a live wild thing. Arne watched her for a long time.

"You got a pot roast aboard?" he asked at last.

Soon he was attaching the familiar hooks and chains to the stove rails. He took off his clothes, wrung them into the bilge, and turned the roast over.

The violent rolling motion of the Tatoosh and her dizzy surges told him they were still running before the gale, running into a torn empty sea.

When the roast had been browned on both sides, Arne climbed the steps into the wheelhouse.

"I'll take a trick," he said. "What's the course?"

"This is only a breeze," Tom muttered. "No need to heave to."

While Tom slept the gale died. Arne's fingers stroked the worn familiar spokes. When darkness came he

called down the companion: "You want to head back to Neah Bay now?"

Tom came up, rubbing red eyes.

"I got plenty ice, plenty gas and grub," he said after a slow look around. "We'll go get those fish you lost. What happened?"

"Piece o' drift. Wheel caught it and snapped the tail shaft."

"People ought to quit throwin' stuff into rivers and bays," Tom growled. "The Helga was a good boat. Now she's gone because some sawmill dumps its trash in the tide. Go below and turn that roast over."

The Tatoosh drove on in the darkness. It was past midnight before Tom thought that it was safe to anchor.

They snugged down and looked about. Not another riding light was to be seen.

"I been thinkin'," Tom said. "We was two damned fools. An island's nothin' to name a boat for. Every boat ought to have a woman's name. This winter we'll change it to Helga."

Arne looked over the dark tumbling waste for a long time.

"If we had some black paint now," he said, "we could do it before we go back. Then those boys never would know which boat was lost off Swiftsure lightship."

For the first time that season Tom Engdal's laughter roared across the empty sea.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 12

1—Sarah Bernhardt (1845-1923).

2—As an identifying brand on animals' ears to show ownership.

3—Pumice, powdered.

4—O. Henry (William Sydney Porter).

5—New South Wales, Australia.

6—No; such quarters aboard a ship of war are assigned to commissioned officers as a mess and living room.

7—Horatio Seymour (1810-86).

8—Anger, unchastity, pride, vainglory, gluttony, envy, and avarice.

9—South Carolina.

10—Evangeline Adams.

11—Painters.

12—Franz Lehár.

13—NRA (since the word has three letters).

14—Many aquatic plants, whereas others have just enough roots to serve as anchors.

15—Yes, in Ludlow Street Jail. William M. (Boss) Tweed.

16—Three, by her first husband.

17—Samson; Judges 16:19—"And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head."

18—Abie's Irish Rose, Tobacco Road, and Lightnin'.

19—Cocker spaniel.

20—

Wm Thackeray

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SCHICK SHAVER

WHY BE POLITE TO *Women?*

A Word from an Adorer Who Sees No Advantage in Civilizing Them

by JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE question touches the nerve of human society.

Man, in so far as he has been polite at all, learned courtesy first toward other men, afterward toward women. He treated other men well because they could thrash him if he didn't. Later on he acquired nobler motives, but that's the way we believe his manners began, and to this day his behavior is more careful and considerate in those circles where guns are habitually carried and duels are the conclusive argument. Man became chivalrous to women because they wished him to be and made a certain tender polish on his deportment the price of their favor. But the women no longer ask for chivalry; they prefer equality. In the campaign for justice they have themselves become a little rude—still continuing, of course, to be feminine.

If women are losing their manners, why should men be polite to them? Why take off your hat to them, give up your seat in the crowded car, let them go first through the door, hold the chair at the dinner table, carry bundles, or otherwise perform the ancient ritual?

For a woman you like you would do these things instinctively, but the essence of courtliness, as women once insisted, was that tribute should be paid to the sex, not to the individual. We were polite to womankind. Now they have given up being ladies, and wish to be people, very individual people. The question follows, whether we need be polite to those individuals we don't like. They expect it; they can use both their new rights and their old privileges. But what's the sense?

If a man and a woman are competing to make a sale and arrive simultaneously at the buyer's threshold, she will invoke chivalry and claim the privilege of going in first. Once in, she'll exercise her peculiar beguilements, as devastating in the countinghouse as in the drawing room. When she comes out, with the plunder in the bag, should the masculine competitor rise to his feet in honor of womankind?

If you're the one man in a crowded car, they will move over and stand in front of you, not in front of other women. You can't flatter yourself they crave the mere proximity of the male. They want your seat. They want you to get up.

Men buying a railroad ticket or depositing or drawing money at the bank will stand in line. A woman getting there late will push in at the head. But she isn't old-fashioned. She rarely says "If you please." She never says "Thank you." She counts on the men not to rebuke her.

Taking off your hat to a man indicates not that he is a gentleman but that you are.

If one of them played such a trick on his fellows he'd find himself in a fight.

Women exhibit their worst manners out of doors. I suppose because the home was once their world, and when they learned gentleness it was only in the matters which occur under a roof. Inside the house they still maintain the etiquette of graciousness and leisure and poise. But out of doors they are often as rough as the primitive male was before his comrades licked him into shape.

During the licking he doubtless protested that they were as rough as he and deserved no courtesy. They are supposed to have replied that manners henceforth would have nothing to do with personal judgments; he could just take off his hat to all of them alike, and they would take off their hats to him, cur though he was. It was originally a man's affair, this lifting the helmet as they passed and drawing off the gauntlet to shake hands. The motive was prudence; the purpose was mutual disarmament. The manners of chivalry, invented out of doors, took at first no notice of women. Four hundred years ago, no earlier, the ladies, imitative creatures that they are, asked that the hat-doffing be aimed at them too; the men obliged, and by Victorian times woman worship controlled three fourths of all our etiquette.

Now the women are tired of being worshiped. They want to know where we got the idea that it's their duty to inspire us. It does us little good to reply that we got the idea from them.

I'm not saying that women shouldn't have equality. I don't think they want it, not yet, since it would involve responsibilities as well as privileges, but I wish they would assume it. Meanwhile the admirable woman, like the admirable man, will be admired; those who love each other will have the grace of those manners which come from the heart; and etiquette in general will remain a system of courtesy toward people who aren't necessarily admirable nor objects of affection.

As a man, my problem is to find out what manners are suitable toward those up-to-date women whom I don't love.

My rules for getting along in a confused age are few and simple. I like the old doctrine of chivalry that taking off your hat to a man indicates not that he is a gentleman but that you are. I apply the principle to the ladies. Let our manners express us, rather than any worship of them.

It was originally a man's affair, this lifting the helmet as they passed.

If I don't join them in shoving through the subway door, it's because I couldn't like myself once I behaved as badly as they do. If I give them my seat, it's because generosity is good for me, even though I bestow it upon the unworthy.

That is, I try to keep the old manners though the women pry us loose from the worship of womankind which those manners formerly articulated. Yet any courtesy which for my own sake I practice toward women, I try to manage so that it will not excite undue attention or prejudice. As far as possible we should belong to our times. In manners the luxury of being peculiar is bought by a heavy price. When I must deal with the women who are wriggling free of the past, I try to affect the blunt, the abrupt, and the blundering, so that they will not be embarrassed, yet I masquerade with a certain moderation, to be ready for a return to good society.

In a program so compromising, it is necessary to resort from time to time to those who by genius as well as training have maintained the tradition of manners in a pure state. The women to whom I turn for restoration are all mature—most of them are past forty—and some of them are old. As a group, they are the most accomplished women I know. More than years, their manners make them seem out of date, but to my taste and, for that very reason, adorable. With them the vocabulary of decorum is so complete that they can bestow blame and receive praise, the two most difficult things to do gracefully. You can recognize them by these marks—they can annihilate what they don't like without calling it lousy, and they can accept a compliment. The second mark is the rarer. No small number of modern ladies have been taught to avoid violence of language, and many who say "dammit" balk at "lousy." But the ability to accept a compliment comes from more than school training. It implies a philosophy and an ideal.

The modern girl, dead set for equality, often deserves a compliment, but when it explodes she doesn't know what to do with it. The mature and well mannered woman shows her pleasure and tries to deserve the tribute. It's a great art. But women so accomplished are now hard to find, and I at last, forced with the rest of the world to put up largely with what we have, must face the question whether there is further need or excuse for politeness to the other sex.

I think men should still be polite to women for the following reasons: In the first place, if we are not polite to women, we may lose the habit of courtesy to men. Whatever we think of women, men are important, and they are responsible for the tradition, as they were for the origin, of good manners. Polite behavior to the women may therefore be regarded as five-finger exercises, homework which makes possible a masterly performance in public.

Some of my colleagues in the art of manners hold that so much preliminary drill may safely be dispensed with; that a man while among women may relax and behave as they do yet still behave well when he rejoins the men. But I distrust this opinion. In any art, excellence, to be secure, must be a habit. That difficult passage in the sonata will trip you up unless you practice it right every time. Practice it twice right and once wrong, and on the platform, allowing for shrinkage, you'll have but an even chance. This relaxing to the up-to-date woman's standard may leave you only half a gentleman among men. No compromise here, I say; treat the women as though they were gentlemen.

We should be polite to women, in the second place, because if we don't set them an example, who will? Only by imitating the best available models has the race ever improved itself. I would that men were better models than they are, but it's vain quarreling with what God supplies. The up-to-date woman might learn from those mature and perfect ladies to whom I have referred, but she won't.

Yet, though up-to-date feminists will learn nothing from the other women who could teach them, I believe they will in time be affected in a favorable way by an atmosphere of courtesy provided by men. I don't claim that all men are courteous; I merely say that all men should be, for this reason among others: that a good example will eventually improve the manners of the women. You and I may not see it, but our children's children may move in a world where a woman as little as a man will shove to the head of the waiting line, or come late and expect a seat, or otherwise be a bad sport and remain in good repute. Keeping this remote end in mind, I think we should be polite to women by way of a laboratory demonstration to our children. In an earlier age they would have learned manners from their mothers, but if now we fail them, whom have they?

If you're the one man in a crowded car, they will stand in front of you.

This point has not yet been sufficiently considered. I enlarge upon it because I like children and I don't dislike men. I shall be glad if my sex survives on this competitive globe for a century or so longer, and I therefore suggest a reason for preserving us. Our position biologically is far from secure. There's a formidable amount of talk about propagating the race with the help of something cooked in the chemist's retort. Women in the not too remote future may procure from the apothecary (female) the suggestion of a blonde daughter with blue eyes, or a brunette whose hair curls like her grandmother's. But manners are not made in a laboratory, and chivalry doesn't come in a bottle. Men will still be needed, to teach the children how to behave.

It may be, as Meredith said, that women will be the last thing civilized by man. To complete the truth he should have added that civilization is not all. A woman may still have charm, be her manners what they may. For the full taste of life we need the flavor of untamed nature, the freedom of the wind, the unpredictable burst of the volcano. In short, I have always adored women for what they are, and I see no advantage in civilizing them. So long as we do not imitate them, let them imitate us or not, as they choose; they are half the source of life and the whole source of excitement.

THE END

A man could not like himself if he joined women in shoving through the subway door.

RONNIE SELDON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

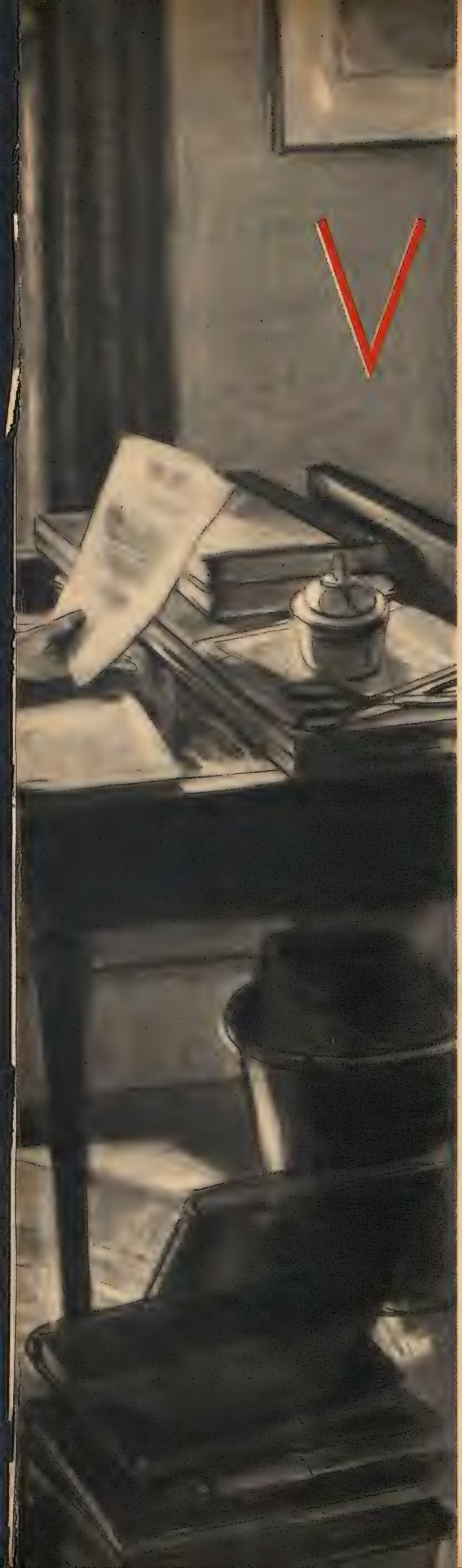
DEBUTANTE Serena Runcival is proposed to by Roger Loring the night of her coming-out ball in Washington, D. C. Intoxicated with love's young dream, she accepts him. Her divorcee mother, Lady Isabella Runcival (a McKeever of Oklahoma), watches them closely and suspects what has happened. Roger has been a favorite protégé of hers. And she is jealous of his devotion.

Visiting Serena in her room the next day, Lady Isabella worms the secret out of her, and argues that Roger Loring is too old, too poor, and altogether unfitted to be the husband of a girl brought up in luxury, without responsibility. But Serena is obdurate. Thereupon her mother hurls a bomb: She calmly tells Serena that Roger has been her own lover!

Aghast at the revelation, Serena leaves home for the West, taking a plane to Tucson, Arizona. She virtually drops out of sight. Through the kindly interest of Marcia Gaylord, she gets a job as a waitress in the airfield restaurant. Then one day Roger Loring is sitting at one of her tables. Vainly she tries to escape notice. Marcia acts as go-between. Finally Serena consents to return home if he will never try to see her.

Face to face with her mother, the girl expresses a wish to live alone. Lady Isabella suggests that she go to live with a distant relative, "Aunt" Sarah Romeyn, in New York City. This seems a fine solution, for Serena wants to write a novel. Live her own life and write!

Settled with Miss Romeyn in the East Fifties, the budding author begins her work and wins the interest of Ronnie Seldon, a blasé reader for a prominent publishing house. Together they "do" the town. After a late and alcoholic afternoon dance, they take a taxi. Serena is happy, sleepy. Ronnie Seldon's lips seek hers. She is willing.



WISE VIRGIN

Here Is the American Girl, Model 1937—the Kind All Girls Will Have to Be if They Want to Survive . . . An Exciting, Important Novel

by WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

She was making no real effort to write. She felt apathetic, and rather annoyed with herself for not feeling all the things she supposed a girl should feel.

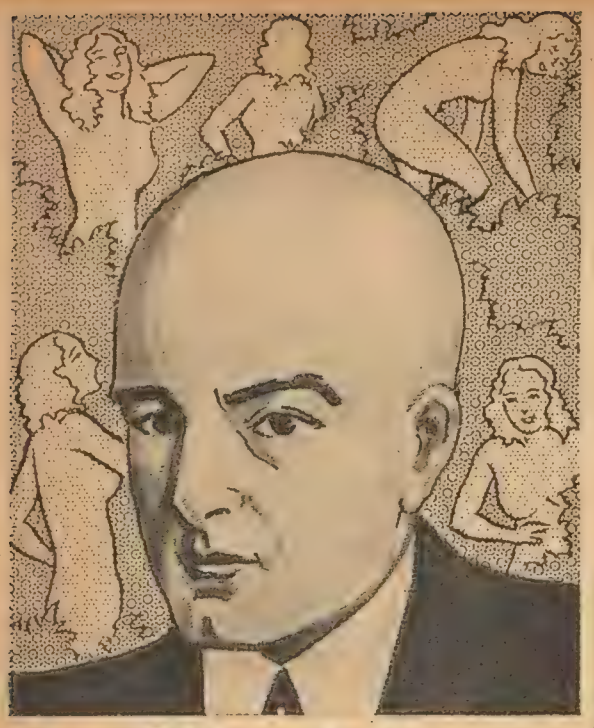
SARAH ROMEYN

PART FIVE—"THE SAFEST HELMET IS VIRTUE"

IT was the morning after her evening with Seldon. Serena sat at her desk by the window and watched the tugs bucking the currents of the East River. She was making no real effort to write. She felt apathetic, and rather annoyed with herself for not feeling ashamed and tarnished and all the things she supposed a young girl should feel. She supposed she had narrowly escaped being seduced. How narrowly, her inexperience did not permit her to judge. Certainly she had suffered herself to be pretty severely pawed over. But she couldn't get up much steam over it. And she couldn't work up any indignation against Seldon. Only a sort of detached irritation at the footlessness and shabbiness of the whole business. She wondered if she was lacking in fastidiousness.

She heard the creaking of the door, followed by her aunt's vigorous kick on the bottom panel. Miss Romeyn breezed in.

"Hello, Serena. You must have got home early last night. You



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were asleep when I came in. Were you bored at the Lamson dance?"

"I didn't go to the dance at all," said Serena slowly, and waited.

Sarah Romeyn was called the rudest woman of her age in New York, no small part of it due to her invincibly well-bred refusal to show curiosity at those times when curiosity and questions were tacitly invited. At other times she could be as inquisitive as a Senate committee.

"You didn't go?" she repeated carelessly. "I suppose dances do get tiresome after the first few weeks."

"It wasn't that," said Serena tonelessly. "I went to tea with Mr. Seldon, and then we danced and had some cocktails, and then I decided to cut the dinner and go out with him."

Aunt Sally's wrinkled little face was expressionless. One pale eyebrow arched itself. That was all.

"He kissed me," said Serena. Then she added, almost as an afterthought, "and he made love to me."

"*And* he made love to you!" For an instant the older woman was frightened out of her pose. But Serena's next words reassured her.

"I hit his face and scratched him, and he stopped." Serena paused and frowned. "I—I was so astonished. I mean, I didn't know men did such things to girls. You see, it was in a cab, and I was a little sleepy and I let him kiss me, and so it was my fault at first—"

"It's always the girl's fault at first," snapped her aunt.

"And then," continued Serena in a dreary tone as though she were reciting a piece, "and then he put his hand—"

"Stop, please!" Her aunt was really angry. "I don't care for the sluttish details."

SERENA was silent. She sat with her hands folded on the desk. Sarah Romeyn stood up and lighted a cigarette and walked over to the other window. When she finally turned, her homely high-bred little face had dropped its everyday mask of impishness. She looked tired and a little sad.

"Serena," she said gently, "I'm not quite enough of an old fool to try to tell you modern girls how to live. I suppose one of the saddest things in life is the inability of the oldsters to help its own youngsters. Experience simply can't be handed on. That's terribly hard on the human race, and especially cruel for us women."

"That's just what Jerry Skinner says," remarked Serena.

"Skinner is a good man. Far and away the best of your mother's tame cats."

"The funny thing is," said Serena irrelevantly, "that just after you warned me—I had to go and do it. Married men, I mean." She thought back awhile—to Washington and the man with the waxed mustache, and Roger Loring—and then Ronnie Seldon.

"Listen, Aunt Sal," she said thoughtfully. "The first man that kissed me, it was horrid, and I didn't want it; and the second man—I was in love," she shivered slightly, "and I wanted him to terribly, and it was all dizzy and wonderful; and last night I didn't care one way or the other, and it was nothing, except that I liked him and he wanted to. And I let him—just because he wanted to. Do you see?"

Sarah nodded sagely.

"That is woman's weakness. If we like a man, we let him do things he wants, even when we dislike the things. More girls have been ruined by sympathy than by passion." She paused reflectively. "You know, Serena, I can't quite make you out. I've seen so little of you since you went to Vixenville. But I think you've good stuff in you. You're terribly unformed in some ways, and very developed in others. You're not nearly so clever as your mother. But you're honest and straightforward and outspoken—too outspoken for my old Victorian ears," she added with a shudder. "I sometimes wonder, my dear, what you really want to do with yourself."

"MAMA says I should wear flat-heeled shoes and lead movements," said Serena reminiscently and smiling for the first time. "And I think she said something about my being a mistress"—and then, seeing the pain on Sarah's face: "I'm sorry, Aunt Sally, I didn't mean to be flip, especially just now."

"Your mother's a fool. She knows you're too decent for her kind of brilliant deviltry, and so she tries to sneer it off."

"Mama hates any one who doesn't kowtow to her."

"Thank heavens you don't take after her!" said Sarah. "But then, you don't take after your father either. You're a queer child. Perhaps you really are fitted for writing. How is the novel coming, by the way?"

"Oh, very well, I think. Ronnie Seldon says—" She broke off, and a perplexed frown gathered between the cool gray eyes. "That is what I wanted to ask you, Aunt Sal. About him—and the book; after last night, I mean. What do you think I ought to do?"

Miss Romeyn rubbed out her cigarette in an ash tray.

"That is a matter which you are quite capable of deciding for yourself," she replied with a wisdom which is rare in old maids.

"I thought you'd say that," said Serena slowly. "You're very sweet to me, Aunt Sal. Thank you for not rubbing things in."

"It would never occur to me," said Miss Romeyn virtuously. And then, with a return to her normal manner, "besides, you're doing that to yourself. Well, let's have lunch now."

Serena had plenty of time to decide on her attitude toward Ronnie Seldon. Much to her relief, he made no effort to get in touch with her. For the next two weeks she wrote very busily. She finished four more chapters and sent them in to his office. The bad taste was wearing off, and she was beginning to feel that she could ignore the unpleas-

ant personal incident and put things back on a business footing.

At the end of a fortnight she got a note from him. It was on the letterhead of his firm, but scrawled in an awkward boyish longhand. There was no salutation, which struck her as rather offhand and intimate, and yet as offering her the chance to set the tone of their future contacts.

Cassis tutissima virtus [it began]. I am just back from Washington and haven't read your last stuff. But his nibs says go ahead and sign you up. Can you lunch with me tomorrow? I'll bring contracts. Or would you rather come here to the office?

Hastily,
R. L. S.

At first she was annoyed. The bland informality of the phrasing; the careless, patronizing initials for signature. The Latin quotation at the outset conveyed nothing to her. She got her desk dictionary and turned to the Foreign Phrases section in the back. "*Cassis tutissima virtus,*" she read: "The safest helmet is virtue."

She smiled a little. It was his way of taking the blame upon himself; his apology and his tribute to her rolled into one. Of course he was a good deal of a blackguard, but it was nice of him not to shoulder off some of it on her—which she knew she deserved.

SHE went to the telephone. She would call him up and make an engagement at his office. She got him on the telephone, and then—on the point of asking him to set an hour at the office—she told him she would be glad to go to luncheon with him the next day.

It would be hard to say what impelled her. An innate sense of sportsmanship—and generosity—and a colossal superiority to what he might think.

"That's damned decent of you," she heard him say in his intense querulous voice. And she knew that he had not misjudged her acceptance.

Serena was on time for lunch the next day. Seldon was late. Serena sat in the side lobby and waited. Rarely punctual herself, she resented it when any one else kept her waiting. After fifteen minutes she stood up and was on the point of leaving, when a girl came out of a telephone booth and stared absently at Serena.

"Ronnie's late," said the strange woman finally and without preamble. "He wants us to go ahead and order. I'm Helen Seldon, you know."

"Oh!" said Serena, startled. "You're the clay woman—I mean—you sculpture, don't you?"

"I'm the clay wife," agreed the other negligently. She had a pleasant, negligent, almost expressionless voice. She was very dark, with chocolate-brown eyes and a broad expressionless face that was almost Chinese in its imperturbability. She literally never smiled.

They went to the dining room and ordered. Serena, with her talent for avoiding small talk, matched her

"A COLD"

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WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

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Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

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Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

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When Nature forgets—remember

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Name.....

Address.....

City ..... Age.....
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SEE? HE'S FOUND THE SECRET OF HAPPY SHAVES_A GILLETTE BLADE IN A GILLETTE RAZOR! WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

You Get Cleaner Smoother Shaves

when you use the blade that is made for your razor

WHY make shaving an uncomfortable or even painful task? Why be satisfied with ragged, half-way shaves that leave part of your beard behind?

Here's the way to be *sure* of smooth, clean shaves always. Use Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. Then note how smoothly and gently your razor glides over your skin. See how quickly and cleanly it removes every sign and trace of whiskers.

Here's the reason: the Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor *are made for each other.* They were designed by the same engineers and are produced by the same manufacturer. Together they constitute the world's finest shaving combination.

Miracles of science are performed as Gillette Blades are "X-rayed" for hidden flaws . . . diamond-tested for hardness . . . measured for sharpness by a beam of light (their shaving edges are actually too keen to be seen by the human eye).

Just try an All-Gillette Shave. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning. See how pleasant shaving can really be when your blade and razor match!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Every Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

repose against the older woman's.

"So you're the celebrated Bella McKeever's daughter," said Mrs. Seldon in her indifferent monotone.

Serena nodded, and speared another shrimp.

"Ronnie's talked a lot about you." Mrs. Seldon looked at her watch and frowned. "I'm beginning to think my Ronnie is late on purpose. I think he's ducking us both. Tell me, Miss Runcival, you didn't know I was coming to lunch?"

"No," said Serena. She thought it rather rude.

"Up to his old tricks," affirmed Mrs. Seldon. "I suspected it this morning when he insisted on my coming along to lunch. Ronnie's the best husband in the world, you understand, but he's an awful coward. He's been making love to you, hasn't he?" she demanded calmly.

"Yes," said Serena with equal calm. Inwardly she was furious.

"So I've got to patch things up for him and explain," added Mrs. Seldon.

"Explain what?" demanded Serena unguardedly.

"That Ronnie's really all right, and that he only paws women when he's been drinking, and that he'll never do it again, and that you needn't be afraid of him, and that he always comes running to me when he's tried it on the wrong girl, and that I wouldn't be here now if I didn't know you had put him in his place, and that of course I don't like it, but it's a relatively small cross to bear when you and your husband are really in love—and—oh—all that sort of thing."

MRS. SELDON had delivered the entire speech in a pleasantly sardonic singsong. Serena watched the expressionless eyes in fascination.

"I think you're the queerest people I've ever met."

"But you understand now, don't you?"

"Not quite," said Serena, instinctively trying to assume the offensive. "I mean—about his being such a wonderful husband. It doesn't seem to me—"

"He is an excellent husband," drawled Mrs. Seldon. "I live with him, and I know. He is the most considerate man around the house I have ever seen. He does all the chores—everything. He gets up in the morning—even when he has to catch the early train—and tends the fires and carries up my wet clay—"

"Wet clay!" gasped Serena, and was silent.

"—and the children simply worship him. He—"

"Children?" said Serena faintly. She had not known of the children. "I didn't know you had children."

"Four of them," said Mrs. Seldon carelessly. "Shall we have coffee? I think I'll order for three. If I know my Ronnie, it's his cue to turn up about now."

Serena began to laugh, her low throaty laugh. It was impossible to resist this queer likable woman.

Mrs. Seldon quirked up one corner of her mouth in token that she meant to smile.

"That's better. You're a sensible girl, Serena. I don't often have so easy a time. *'Varium et mutabile semper femina,'* as Ronnie is fond of saying."

"He's quite a classical scholar, isn't he?" observed Serena with a reminiscent blush.

"All the Latin he ever knew comes out of the back of his dictionary," said his wife nonchalantly. "It lends a proper literary flavor to his talk."

Serena's great oval eyes rounded in astonished delight. She leaned forward across the table.

"*Cassis tutissima virtus,*" she intoned gravely.

Mrs. Seldon nodded again with her queer near-smile.

"Precisely; that's his stock quote in cases like yours. Here he comes, by the way. Now please, Serena"—for the first time she showed a trace of feeling—"please don't make fun of him; men can't bear it."

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

"Of course not," whispered Serena, and then, impulsively, "I like you so much, Mrs. Seldon."

"Ronnie's girls usually do," drawled the other. "Hello, Ronnie, here's your coffee."

Seldon bustled up, deposited his briefcase on the fourth chair, and sat down. He peered tensely at the two women. They were both preoccupied with their coffee cups.

"I trust I find myself among friends," he began with tentative irony.

"It's all right, Ronnie," said his wife. "Drink your coffee and get on with your business. I've got to get back to New Jersey."

"Fine," said Seldon with assumed heartiness. He opened his briefcase.

"Here's the contract. And here's a lot of publicity material I picked up for you in Washington. Photographs of you as a child. Got 'em from your mother. Wonderful woman, your mother. Coughed up a cool two grand for publicity. Here's a picture of America's richest debutante on the steps of her mother's modest little shack on Massachusetts Avenue; Serena about to enter her town car; flunkies enough there, I wot. Count 'em—four."

"I'm afraid that's real," admitted Serena uncomfortably. "But, please, what is all this for?"

"Build-up. Before a plate's on the presses old man Hoadley's going to sell you to the public. Two months from now you'll be endorsing cold creams along with Joe Louis and the Dionne quints, or I miss my bet. We're

starting a drive for the best-seller list. Hoadley's dug up a swell publicity agent for you—Anne Trelawney—she was a crack sob-stuffer on the old Star. She'll be up to see you tomorrow. And I'm doing my bit; ghosting a high-brow critique on you by Dr. Stokes—he's trying to get back with Hoadley after his flop on Max Schmeling, you know, and he's keen as mustard to appreciate you. I'm doing him a swell blurb—tone of dignity and academic restraint—comparing you to Jane Austen and Sigrid Undset. Course, Austen and Undset suffer a bit in comparison, but that can't be helped."

"Stop it, Ronnie," commanded his wife. "Don't pay any attention to him, Serena. He's two thirds pulling your leg."

Seldon peered aggrievedly at the two women.

"The publicity woman's true anyway," he continued. "Your mother specifically authorized it. Good sport—your mother. I told her your book would take the hide off her back; tried to work her up to the idea of suing us for libel, you know. And she just laughed, and gave me a cocktail and a good fat check."

"That's just like mama," commented Serena. "I—I think she really enjoys being criticized." She hesitated. "I had no idea one had to do all this publicity business. It seems awfully bad taste. Why can't the writing itself—when the book comes out—" she trailed off doubtfully.

"The writing itself?" demanded Seldon querulously. "What's that got to do with it? We're selling a book. I flatter myself I can write better prose than Mae West. But how would a book of mine sell alongside hers—huh?"

"I suppose even mama would sue you if you compared her to Mae West," said Serena with suspicious simplicity.

"Look out, Ronnie," drawled his wife. "She pulls those fast ones occasionally."

"And 'with mien of virgin innocence,'" quoted Seldon complainingly.

Mrs. Seldon stood up abruptly.

"Better lay off the quotations, Ronnie dear. She uses the same dictionary. Well—I'll leave you two to your business. I've got to get back to the country. Good-by, Serena. Don't let Ronnie beat you down on the royalties."

SHE nodded to Serena casually—as casually as she had accosted her in the lobby an hour earlier—and walked out of the dining room. Serena took the copy of the contract which Seldon handed to her and began to read it intently. But she took in scarcely a word of what she read. Her mind was on Ronnie's wife—and on Ronnie. She looked up at him and began to laugh. She felt quite unembarrassed and rather friendly—and definitely in command of the situation. Also she felt older and wiser and more sure of herself. Serena had learned a great deal in the past few weeks. And she was keen enough to realize that she had got off cheaply in the learning.

Serena's book came out two months later. Serena had spent the intervening time in a whirl of anticipatory excitement. To finish the actual writing had been but the matter of a few weeks. For the rest, she found herself, in her set at least, suddenly famous. Her photograph—and Serena photographed splendidly, especially on or near a horse—appeared in all the smart-chat magazines and in the Sunday-paper brownies. People stopped her at the club, and girls she scarcely knew spoke to her in the dressing room at the squash club. The callow undergraduates of the stag line cut in on her more frequently at dances, and told her shyly that they were literary too, and were going out for the Yale Record or the Harvard Lampoon—or for the News or the Crimson, if they could not write; and mothers with marketable daughters became increasingly cordial, because they judged her scratched for the novice filly stakes and definitely headed for bookishness and some excellent man with brains and no money.

Serena enjoyed it all because she was young, and because for the first time she was being made much of on her own account and not because she was her mother's daughter. That she did not have her head turned was due to her gravely humorous twist of mind. And she was growing up. When one of the commercial-minded mothers told Serena how much she had enjoyed reading her book, Serena smiled becomingly and did not remind the old

New Year's Eve
comes once a year
Morning-After
we don't fear—

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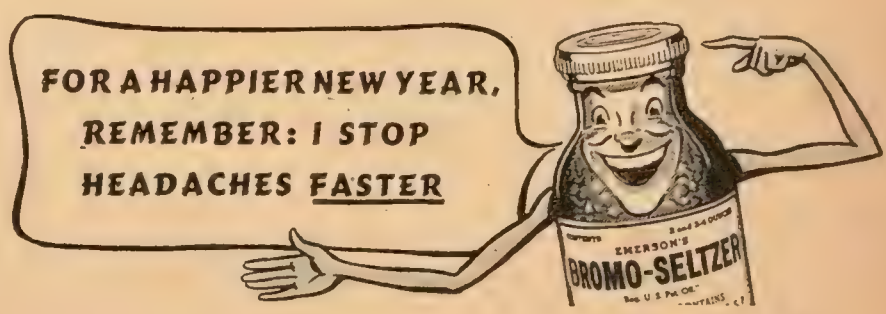

Try to make this winter *different!*

Start now to build good general resistance

It's so much better to prepare for winter discomforts *in advance* than to try and cope with them after they have started.

Like many people, your general resistance is probably low after a winter of indoor living. Other times of year, this low general resistance might not be a cause for great concern.

But January and February are different! These are "peak" months for winter conditions. During this mid-winter season, they're most frequent, most severe, and last longest. You can scarcely afford *not* to have good general resistance now!

So start a new program this winter. *Before* winter conditions bother you, try something that will help build up your general resistance. Get acquainted with *Adex.*

Adex gives you the protective benefits of Vitamin A, an important aid in building good general resistance. Adex also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

The vitamins are from *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

Today, arrange to have Adex put at your breakfast place every morning. Routine use *every day* is what counts. Adex may be obtained in tablets or capsules at any reliable drug store. Prepared only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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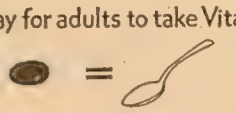

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

vixen—as she would have done a year earlier—that the book was not yet out.

The day the book actually went on sale was very thrilling. Serena walked down the avenue, and then across to Madison, and stopped before every bookshop window. They had given her a great display—thanks to Hoadley's expert timing, and the bright jacket of her book fairly leaped at her across the pavement. It was exciting to stand next to some one who was also looking in the window, and to speculate on what would happen if she should say—very modestly and deprecatingly of course—"Excuse me, sir, that book you were looking at—I wrote it, you know." But she restrained the impulse. She never found herself next to just the right type of benevolent chop-whiskered old gentleman with a gold-headed cane and a square-topped derby hat whom she had visualized as the repository of her astounding news.

Serena made the rounds of all the shops and bookstands in the neighborhood. Then she went back to her flat and busied herself the rest of the day autographing the hundred copies she had reserved to send to her friends.

BY the end of the week the press reviews—she had long ago subscribed to a clipping bureau—began to come in with every mail. One highly laudatory one made her blush with pleasure, until she found it reprinted verbatim in so many small-town papers that she was reluctantly forced to attribute it to the fulsome but unsubtle pen of Miss Trelawney.

The metropolitan press refused to lose its head. Only the Star accorded the novel anything like a real review, and that was a couple of sticks of urbane flippancy by the great Tommy Titmus, who proceeded to review Isabella McKeever's meteoric career rather than her daughter's novel. His only reference to Serena was the suggestion that she should have called her story Why Girls Leave Home instead of Mother Marches On. And there was a squib by one of the wire-tapping columnists:

Rena Runcival's friends at the Cosmop Club who have read her novel are hoping she will take up squash again. She is a Class A squash player.

There was an ominous silence from the offices of Hoadley & Knight. After two weeks she called up Ronnie Seldon. He was as querulously ironic but evasive.

"Not so good," he admitted. "But it's too early to tell yet."

And finally, and after a few more weeks, there came the afternoon when Serena faced the fact that her novel was a dismal failure. She came back from a luncheon party to find three large packing cases standing in the hallway outside the door of their flat. When she saw the stenciled inscription, "From Hoadley & Knight," her heart gave an uncomfortable flop. She let herself in and went to her desk. There was a letter from Mr. Hoadley. It was very friendly and paternal, conveying the impression that it was the most common occurrence to send an author back some eighteen hundred unsalable books with invoice attached—as per contract.

Serena sat down and looked out at the river. She was still sitting there when her aunt came in, an hour later.

"Bless my soul, Serena, what are all the crates in the hall? Have you been to an auction?"

"No," said Serena wanly; "but maybe I'll have to hold an auction. Or perhaps I could start a free library. Those are my novel, Aunt Sal. Hundreds of them—thousands, for all I know. You see, if the public won't buy them, why, I have to."

She gave her aunt the Hoadley letter. Miss Romeyn adjusted her pince-nez and read it carefully.

"Tush, tush," she said irritably. "Well—I'm glad *that's* out of your system, my dear. There wasn't a Runcival yet that could write. You're your father's child. They're a hard-riding, straight-thinking clan—the Runcivals—but they oughtn't to try to put it on paper. It's not their line."

She went out to the bathroom to wash her hands. Serena could hear the water running and the sound of the soap being dropped back in the dish. The old lady came back and walked over to the window and dropped her hand on the girl's shoulder. She very seldom touched people.

"You're a good sportsman, Serena. I know how you feel," she said in a tone that was very gentle for Sarah Romeyn.

Serena summoned a smile and squeezed the hand that lay on her shoulder.

"I still think I can write," she said slowly. "And, by jiminy, I'm going to learn to write!"

"Good girl," said Miss Romeyn. Then she chuckled. "You can begin to practice right now. Send that bill to your mother, and see if you can write a letter that will get the money out of her."

"I will," said Serena seriously. Then she frowned. "What I hate most is having to admit to mama that she was right."

SHE wrote the letter and posted it. Within twenty-four hours she got a telegram from her mother:

AM PAYING HOADLEYS TOTALLY UNEXPECTED BILL I DID NOT AUTHORIZE THIS CONSEQUENTLY MUST CUT YOUR ALLOWANCE HALF SERVES YOU RIGHT HENDRICKS BOOK COMING OUT NEXT WEEK TOO.

"Who in the world is Hendricks?" demanded her aunt when she saw the telegram.

"He's our butler," said Serena wildly. Then she began to laugh—her low throaty contained laugh.

"He's our butler, and he's written a book about fox hunting, and mama's his heroine too!"

She read the telegram again.

"But what shall I do?" she said soberly. "If my allowance is cut in

half, that won't even pay my share of our expenses here, Aunt Sal."

Miss Romeyn busied herself lighting a cigarette.

"Why—I'll have to go to work," frowned Serena. "Really to work, I mean."

"Yes," agreed her aunt quietly, "if you can find a job."

Can Serena make the grade? How is it possible for her to compete with thousands of experienced girls in a fiercely competitive field? But Serena is a surprising young woman, and never more so than in the next installment in Liberty. Reserve your copy now.

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THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS

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This is not a revision of the King James Version, but a new arrangement and method of presentation. Here you will find prose printed as prose, verse as verse, drama as drama, letters as letters, the spelling and punctuation modernized. Genealogies and repetitions are omitted, as well as the whole of Chronicles, the minor Epistles, and other unimportant passages. And none of the beauty has been sacrificed.

★★★ **THE PICKWICK PAPERS** by Charles Dickens. The Heritage Press.

A beautiful new edition that will delight the hearts of Dickens enthusiasts, especially the Gordon Ross illustrations.

★★★ **THE RIDDLE OF WOMAN** by Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum. Lee Furman.

A psychological study of the female in her physiological relations with the male.

★ **MY PIONEER PAST** by Guy Waring. Bruce Humphries.

Owen Wister's gracious introduction inclines one to read this book; and, having read it, one discovers an astonishing thing: an authentic pioneer of the great Northwest whose wife refuses to cook.

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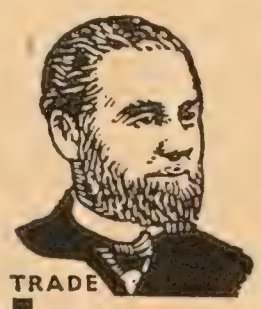

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Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

TOUGH COPPER

by WALTER C. BROWN

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BUD SCANLON paced from wall to wall with the quick nervous tread of a caged animal. The stub of a cigarette was pinched between his fingers, and the gray smoke drifted through the steel bars into the prison corridor.

"Bingo" Winkler sprawled lazily on the bunk, watching the tireless march of his young cellmate with a critical eye. "Take it easy, kid. I've seen more'n one guy go screwy from walkin' up and down like that."

Scanlon whirled, face drawn with fury. "They got no right to send me up the river. I tell you I was framed. I didn't have no gun on me. There was nothin' in my pocket when Kane gives me a fannin' and comes up with a .32 in his big fist. 'Didn't I tell you?' he says to the other cop; and when I put up a holler, he slugs me. Next thing I know I am ridin' in the wagon."

Bingo yawned. "O. K. Quit beefin' about it. You tried to peddle that yarn to the judge."

"It's the truth I'm tellin' you, Bingo. I was framed. Kane hung that rap on me—the dirty rat!"

Bingo sat up. "Listen, kid. Everybody knows Jeff Kane. He's a tough copper, plenty tough, but I'll hand him one thing—he never framed a guy in his life. I got no use for coppers, but I'll lay you ten to one on that."

"Well, get this—he framed me. I never saw that gun before. Perjury, that's what it was. If I ever get my hands on that dirty—"

Bingo yawned again. "I know—he'll wallop hell out of you. Didn't you take a poke at him in court? What'd it get you? Kane set you on your can with just one sock, and then the judge slapped on six months extra. Was that smart? Get wise to yourself, kid."

"And I'll do it again. It was worth it."

"If I was you, kid, I'd get that idea out of my nut. There's no percentage in battlin' cops all your life."

Scanlon's voice rose harshly: "Yeah, I guess I should pat Kane on the back and hand him a cigar for the bum rap he framed on me."

"All right, all right," Bingo said soothingly. "You were framed and Jeff Kane is a dirty skunk. O. K. Now button your lip and give me a chance to beef. I got troubles, too."

That silenced Scanlon. This was the day Winkler was to start for the Big House on a federal rap—a ten-year stretch. But with Bingo it was an old story. It was a new one to Bud Scanlon, and after five days and five nights behind bars his own twelve-month "hitch" loomed up like a life sentence.

When they came for him, Bingo shuffled off between the guards, chatting amiably. "So long, kid," he called back over his shoulder. "Remember what I told you."

When their footsteps had died away a wild fury rose and spilled over. Bud gripped the steel bars and tugged and wrenched, teeth locked, until the sweat broke out on his twisted face. Then the blaze died from his eyes. He leaned his head wearily against his forearm.

A voice roused him. The voice of Jeff Kane.

The detective came briskly along the corridor, broad-shouldered and vigorous despite the gray at his temples and the web of crinkled lines at the corners of his eyes. The young man glared at him through the bars, speechless with a choking rage.

Kane's voice was hard, abrupt: "Scanlon, in a few minutes you'll be

leaving to go up the river. Before you go, I want to have a talk with you."

"I'm not talking to rats!" Scanlon flung at him. "If you wanta talk, go tell the judge how you framed me. You oughta be proud of yourself. You've got everybody thinkin' you're a square copper. Even my own bunkie thought I was lyin' about that gun."

"I know what's wrong with you, Scanlon—you hate cops. So did your father. And what happened? In the end he was shot down like a mad dog. You've got bad blood in you, boy, but you've got some good blood, too—your mother's."

KANE'S voice dropped into a smoother groove. "Bud, I knew your mother since we were kids in school. When the doctor told her she had only a few more weeks to live she sent for me. 'Jeff,' she said, 'keep an eye on my boy after I'm gone. He's a good boy but wild, like his father.' I promised her I would."

"Yeah!" Scanlon interrupted bitterly. "So you framed me!"

The detective waved him into silence. "When you got into your first scrape with the police I saw to it that you got off easy—and the second time—and the third. Then I saw talking wasn't any good. You'd have to learn—the hard way.

"I've been watching you all the time. Maybe you think you're a tough egg because you pal around with Tony Grazetto's mob. Scanlon, you're just a young punk and a sucker, and sooner or later you'll land in trouble—real trouble.

"I framed you—yes—but only for your own good. I'm sending you to jail so you'll find out what it's like before you're hauled in for a twenty-five-year stretch, or maybe a murder rap. Think that over—and think hard. It's your last chance, Scanlon. You've got twelve months to think it over. When you come out, look me up. I'll stake you to a clean start."

Scanlon thrust his twitching face against the bars. "Yeah, I'll look you up, Kane—with a gat in my fist. You won't need to frame me the next time!"

"The offer stands," Kane said curtly. Then he took a folded newspaper from his pocket and pushed it between the bars.

"There's something for you to read. Need any cigarettes?"

"Not from a lousy copper!"

Kane's footsteps echoed down the corridor. A steel door slammed in the distance.

Scanlon whirled and kicked the newspaper across the cell.

It struck the wall and opened as it fell. The heavy type of a four-column streamer on the front page caught his eye. He leaned closer, then snatched up the paper.

4 BANDITS KILLED IN HOLDUP
MACHINE-GUN BATTLE IN BANK
ENDS TONY GRAZETTO'S CAREER

The cold type gave him an odd, sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. Tony—Frankie—Max—Speed Hahn—all dead now. His own name would have been down there with the others, for Tony had promised to take him on the next big job.

A hard slab in the morgue, a tag on his big toe—Tony's mob hadn't had a chance from the beginning. The police had spotted Speed while he was "casing" the job. They had been lying in ambush for two weeks.

Then a new thought struck home with a jolt. This wasn't blind luck. Jeff Kane had known all about it, known that he would be with Tony's mob, but he couldn't warn him. So Jeff Kane had saved him in his own hard-boiled way—pulling him out of that line-up marked for death.

Jeff Kane had thought him worth saving.

Bud Scanlon sank down on the edge of the bunk, clutching the paper in his shaking hands. "God!" he muttered. "Tough copper! Gee!"

THE END

Ten of the best performances of the year. 1—Adolphe Menjou in Sing, Baby, Sing. 2—Norma Shearer in Romeo and Juliet. 3—Leslie Howard in Petrified Forest. 4—Gary Cooper in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town. 5—William Powell in My Man Godfrey. 6—Mickey Rooney in The Devil Is a Sissy. 7—Eric Blore in Piccadilly Jim. 8—Ronald Colman in A Tale of Two Cities. 9—The earthquake scene in San Francisco. 10—The blood-crazed crowd scene in Fury.

by
BEVERLY HILLS

LOOKING BACKWARD: 1936 THE YEAR IN THE MOVIES

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

YOUR Beverly Hills allotted four stars to exactly ten pictures during 1936. They were: Captain Blood, Trail of the Lonesome Pine, These Three, The Country Doctor, Show Boat, Green Pastures, Nine Days a Queen, Romeo and Juliet, The Texas Rangers, and Winterset.

In retrospect, some other pictures stand out as real achievements—Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, for a notable example. Others were Piccadilly Jim, My Man Godfrey, Libeled Lady, Petrified Forest, Fury, Anthony Adverse, and Swing Time.

Ten Best Pictures, Twelve Best Performances, Highlights Here and There;
Liberty's Critic Reviews the Verdicts and Adds Some Personal Opinions

Be Wise—Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains
TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK
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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
Alka-Seltzer
I'LL PUT YOU WISE I ALKALIZE, THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY.
I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO — TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY.
COLDS
A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS THE FINEST THING WE KNOW.
IF AFTER-DINNER-MISERY CREEPS IN TO CAUSE US WOE.
SOUR STOMACH
FRENCH
LIKE OTHERS, WE HAVE FOUND IT PAYS — TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
NO HEADACHES SPOIL OUR SHOPPING DAYS, THANK GOODNESS, WE ARE WISE!
HEADACHE
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. *At drug and department stores everywhere.*

The year had a marked trend toward sophisticated, biting modern comedy with sharp, pungent observation of life. My Man Godfrey and Piccadilly Jim, along with Libeled Lady, were stunning examples of what the screen can do in an intelligent way with comedy when it really tries.

Any summary of the year would not be complete without a list of best performances. Here are our own chosen twelve:

Adolphe Menjou's mad Barrymore in Sing, Baby, Sing; the earthquake in San Francisco; Norma Shearer's exquisite Juliet in Romeo and Juliet; Leslie Howard's introspective wanderer in Petrified Forest; Gary Cooper's altruistic millionaire in Mr. Deeds; the blood-crazed crowd in Fury; William Powell's forgotten man in My Man Godfrey; the two pixolated sisters in Mr. Deeds; Mickey Rooney's gutter dreamer in The Devil Is a Sissy; Eric Blore's man's man in Piccadilly Jim; and Ronald Colman's heroic Sydney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities.

The best two scoundrels of the year were the tough hard-riding hombre of Humphrey Bogart in Petrified Forest and the savage tubercular slum killer of Eduardo Ciannelli in Winterset.

We are thinking of signing up the two for a championship battle in Madison Square Garden.

Want to recall some more interesting performances of the year? Here are a few: Gladys George as the generous magdalen in Valiant Is the Word for Carrie; Walter Huston as the tired business man of Dodsworth; Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the crafty Earl of Warwick in Nine Days a Queen; Leopold Stokowski's hands in The Big Broadcast of 1937; Spencer Tracy as the victim of mob lust in Fury and as the fighting priest in San Francisco; Akim Tamiroff as the Mongolian war lord in The General Died at Dawn; Paul Muni as the nineteenth-century chemist Louis Pasteur; and Carole Lombard as the dizzy debutante in My Man Godfrey.

THE outstanding box-office stars as the curtain falls on 1936: Fred Astaire, Robert Taylor, William Powell, Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy, the Dionne Quins. Probably Greta Garbo still rates up there, too. And, of course, Shirley Temple.

Color still is having a hard time of it on the screen. Its loveliest use was in The Garden of Allah, but somehow or other it seems to get in the way of the drama. Sooner or later, of course, it will be with us.

The screen oddity of the year was the success of radio's Bob Burns, the bazooka maestro.

The comedians had a not so good year. Modern Times seemed slow and dated, for all the vaunted silent comic genius of Charlie Chaplin. The Milky Way was funny, but it was not Harold Lloyd at his best.

Our individual award for best comedy performance goes to Adolphe Menjou for his hilarious work in Sing, Baby, Sing.

The biggest wallop of 1936 came in Winterset when the gangster, drilled three times and thrown into the East River, returned, bloody and mucky, to get his man.

The screen went historical often and hard. History was at its best in the French-made La Kermesse Héroïque and the English filming of Nine Days a Queen. It was at its worst in Hollywood's version of Andrew Jackson in The Gorgeous Hussy.

The big box-office pictures of 1936 were The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds, San Francisco, Follow the Fleet, Swing Time. A fortune in each and every one of 'em.

The best directorial performance of 1936 was turned in by Frank Capra with Mr. Deeds. A few laurels, please, for Mervyn Le Roy and his Anthony Adverse and for Fritz Lang and his Fury.

THE most tragic event of the year was the death of young Irving Thalberg, the best mind in the creation of pictures, at the very top of his career.

The films will be a long time recovering from this blow.

The year's meteor is Robert Taylor, who came from nowhere to be the talk of moviedom. Every one of the Taylor films has had the gals palpitating at the box office. The nearest approach to Taylor is Errol Flynn, handsome and easy in his roles. Errol is a little too sure of himself. America likes its heroes just a little gauche right now.

Another boy coming along fast is Tyrone Power, Jr., who does splendid work in Lloyds of London. And Burgess Meredith reveals high promise, too, in Winterset.

Simone Simon is the heavily touted feminine find of the year. Your Beverly Hills is skeptical about this young woman. Luise Rainer was a glittering Anna Held in The Great Ziegfeld. Watch her coming film, Good Earth. That will give you an accurate measure of Miss Rainer's histrionic stature. Frances Farmer, who did double roles in Come and Get It, has high promise. The two loveliest newcomers are Madeleine Carroll and Olivia de Havilland.

Litigation and quarrels with studios have held up the careers of Bette Davis and James Cagney. Beverly Hills is sorry in the case of Bette. She's as promising and interesting a young actress as Hollywood possesses.

What actress made the most progress in 1936? Irene Dunne, possibly. Your guess is as good as ours.

Our favorites in musical entertainment were the Astaire dancing films, along with The Great Ziegfeld and Sing, Baby, Sing. Prize for the biggest set of the year (and 1936 had some hefty ones) goes to the big revue tableau in The Great Ziegfeld.

The best staged musical number? Oddly enough, it was a simple affair; Fred Astaire's dance with the three shadows in Swing Time.

The best camera work was done in Romeo and Juliet. Credit William Daniels for a job well done.

The most fantastic comedy interlude was the sequence in Love on the Run where Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, seeking refuge in Fontainebleau Palace, are discovered by the mad old night watchman.

The smartest screen treatment of 1936 was that of Maurine Watkins, H. E. Brown, and George Oppenheimer for Libeled Lady. We greatly admired Anthony Veiller's expert film adapting of Maxwell Anderson's Winterset.

The oddest heroine of the year: Calamity Jane (Jean Arthur) in Cecil De Mille's The Plainsman.

The worst publicity of 1936? Caliban John Barrymore's romance with Ariel Elaine Barrie.

Of the established male stars, Gable, Powell, Cooper, and Eddy more than held their own. No slipping anywhere in that distinguished quartet. Of the ladies, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, and Jeanette MacDonald stepped right along.

But Donald Duck still remains our favorite Hollywood player.

THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★½ THE PLAINSMAN

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison, Charles Bickford, Helen Burgess, Porter Hall, Paul Harvey, Victor Varconi, John Miljan, Frank McGlynn, Sr., Granville Bates, Frank Albertson, Purnell Pratt, Fred Kohler, Charles Judels, Pat Moriarity, Harry Woods, Francis McDonald, George MacQuarrie. Screen play by Waldemar Young, Harold Lamb, and Lynn Riggs, from biographies by Frank Wilstach and Courtney Ryley Cooper. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Produced by Paramount.

WHEN we viewed this yarn of pioneer days with its creator, Cecil De Mille, the director called our attention to the fact that it is a Western with no sheriff and no badman and that the hero is shot when the United States cavalry arrives too late.

De Mille has turned to the rugged '60s and '70s, when the plains were being broken to civilization and the Indians were being pushed to one side.

His central characters are Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody, and Calamity Jane. These three move across a quick-shooting, hard-riding panorama, studded with bugle calls and redskin whoops, that embraces the Battle of Grand Island, a heroic stand against the Cheyennes and Sioux, and

Have you eyes that dream of the "good old days?"

No need to dream of the "good old days"... Just taste this *"double-rich"* straight Bourbon of old Kentucky distillers . . . *priced to please you!*

SCHENLEY'S *Cream of Kentucky*

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—90 PROOF

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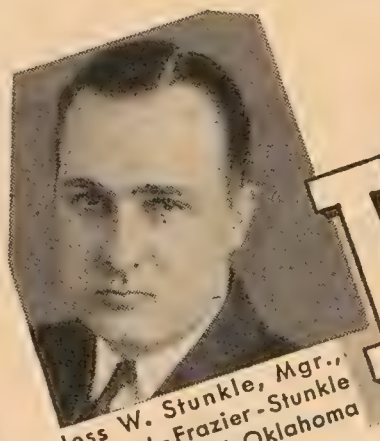

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I always recommend NYALGESIC for neuralgia, rheumatism or muscular soreness. Just shake on a few drops of this liquid analgesic and rub gently. It soothes quickly and does not stain or blister. Also recommended by thousands of other NYAL Druggists the country over.

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Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms, and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"* —NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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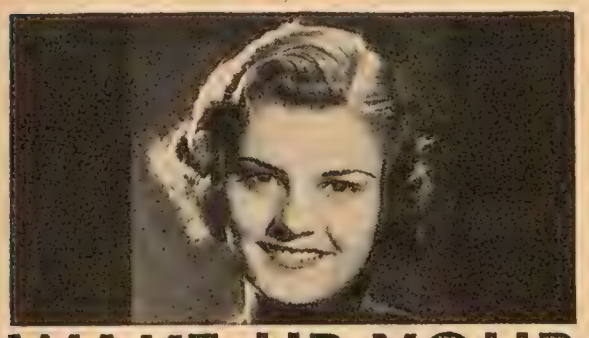

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

"SELF ADJUSTING CIRCULATION"

Every advertiser wants to time his advertising to reach people when they are buying. Liberty's more than 90% retail circulation automatically makes this selection. When and where business is good, we sell more copies—you will sell more goods.

the tragic last moments of Custer and his Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn. If there is a villain it is a group of rapacious after-the-Civil-War racketeers who sell modern rifles to the embittered Indians.

De Mille has telescoped and shifted history for dramatic effect, as he honestly admits in his film foreword, but your Beverly Hills frankly concedes being engrossed in his picturesque border tale. It gets you from its first moments, when Abraham Lincoln interrupts a cabinet meeting to dress for a visit to Ford's Theater—and the Valhalla of the great.

Gary Cooper's simple, steely, woman-hating Hickok is a very likable and believable character. James Ellison pretties the part of the express rider of two eras, Bill Cody, a little too much for us, but Jean Arthur makes the rough-and-ready gal of the plains, Calamity Jane, an honest, forthright person. Calamity, who battles in buckskin pants, uses a thirty-foot whip instead of a lipstick, and drives a stagecoach, is something new in De Mille heroines.

The Hickok biography by that grand old-timer, the late Frank Wilstach, is the basis of this picture. Here's hoping that you are riding with Custer, Cody, and the rest over there, Frank, and glorying in your labors of saving Hickok for history.

★ ★ ★ ½ BORN TO DANCE

THE PLAYERS: Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Raymond Walburn, Frances Langford, Alan Dinehart, Buddy Ebsen, Juanita Quigley, Georges and Jalna, Reginald Gardiner, Barrett Parker. Screen play by Jack McGowan and Sid Silvers from a story by McGowan, Silvers, and B. G. De Sylva. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

IF you are creating a musical film in Hollywood, your first job is to hit upon a big spectacular number that out-Gargantuans everything ever done before. The Great Ziegfeld, with its footlight revue interlude that would have required Central Park for space, still is the 1936 colossal high. But you can't blame Hollywood—and the very makers of The Great Ziegfeld—for trying to top this.

The big interlude in this gob-gets-girl musical romance comes on a super-super-sized battleship deck with gun turrets and masts, where Eleanor Powell can dance to the accompaniment of enough musicians to man a dozen men-of-war.

The story? A bashful gob loves an ambitious young dancer and gets involved in a press yarn about saving a lovely revue star from drowning. Of course he helps his girl get her big chance behind the footlights.

Of Cole Porter's numbers we like best the introspective confession, I've Got You Under My Skin, sung by Virginia Bruce. The cast is a happy one, with the personable and promising James Stewart as the shy gob and the nimble-footed Eleanor Powell dancing deftly as the girl of his heart, while Raymond Walburn almost steals the film as an absent-minded submarine commander. Miss Bruce, Sid Silvers, Una Merkel, and the rest of the cast contribute splendid aid.

This musical has speed, size, and lilt. Be sure to see it to keep up with Hollywood's latest excursion into musical magnitude.

★ ★ ★ CHAMPAGNE WALTZ

THE PLAYERS: Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Veloz and Yolanda, Vivienne Osborne, Frank Forest, Herman Bing, Fritz Leiber, Benny Baker, James Burke, Maude Eburne, Ernest Cossart. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler, from a story by Billy Wilde and H. S. Kraft. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Produced by Paramount.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, who ought to know, selected this from all his new Paramount films as his Golden Jubilee production. And in truth this romance of Vienna has some lovely moments. Also some dull ones.

Here you see the last of the Strausses, Viennese waltz kings for generations, fighting for life against a noisy café presided over by Buzzy Bellew and his American jazz band. Vienna goes syncopated and things grow desperate for the Strauss family just as the youngest of them, Elsa Strauss, meets and falls in love with Buzzy without knowing who he is.

Some of the brash comedy of Jack Oakie as the blatant jazz-band manager falls a little cold on us, but maybe it will get you. His costly adventure with a grafting pseudo-Russian countess, done ornately by Vivienne Osborne, may amuse. Fred MacMurray is the garrulous, gum-chewing Buzzy Bellew and it all depends upon how much you like Mr. MacMurray. Our vote without qualification, however, goes to Gladys Swarthout as Elsa Strauss. She sings charmingly; her screen personality has acquired assurance and sparkle.

And speaking of big Hollywood revue sets, this has one that is staggering, too. It shows the final combined Strauss-Bellew dance palace in New York, a simple little place about the size of Madison Square Garden, where the whole national out-of-work-musician problem seems to be solved.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen.

★★★½—Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory.

★★★—The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl.

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

So many girls are stepping into the publicity profession that I thought it might be useful to have a talk with a man who knows the business from A to Z. For this I picked on my friend Clay Morgan, new assistant to Major Lenox Riley Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Morgan is the ace press agent who publicized the French liner Normandie with record-breaking headlines in our American newspapers a year and a half ago. Here's what he has to say to the girls who are getting into that game:

"Tell them never to give out fake information," he advised, "and tell them not to depend too much on banquets. Most banquets are nothing but jobs of work to the reporters, and few editors ever forgive a faked publicity statement."

Clay Morgan believes that personality stories are a press agent's best bet.

"Certain people," he declares, "have a spotlight instinct that makes them the natural answer to every press agent's prayer. Irene Bordoni, for example, could always be trusted to hit the headlines with something new and sure-fire. At the outset of prohibition she arrived with the first portable bar; and she came to town another time with miniature portraits of herself and her husband painted on the silk knees of her stockings. What editor could throw *that* kind of copy in the wastebasket?"

Mr. Morgan was once an actor. In profile he looks surprisingly like Warner Oland.

CLAY MORGAN

● Spelling supplies the newest vogue for quarrels between husband and wife. To tiff about spelling seems now almost as customary among married couples as fighting about bridge. The other day I heard a friend of mine yell at her husband, "For goodness' sake, Henry, if you've got to spell Lincoln wrong, don't spell Abraham wrong too!" Her wrath was reasonable, I suppose, for although her Henry is a man of extensive education, he had spelled the name Aberaham Linclon —*actually!*

That is the kind of spelling that causes so many domestic disagreeaments.

● For the sixth year in succession Mrs. Reginald Fellowes has been acclaimed one of the best dressed women in the world. It is interesting to learn from her how economical a smart wardrobe can be. She lists only twelve items as being absolutely necessary. They are these:

One plain black suit, mannishly tailored; one sports outfit; two indoor dresses; one tailored cocktail suit with floor-length skirt; one afternoon dress, street length; two evening gowns (one white, one black); two evening coats of different colors; one formal coat for winter wear, dark and straight cut; one rough-weather coat.

Hats, blouses, gloves, etc., need not be numerous, says Mrs. Fellowes, but they must all be first-class.

● Seven was the age when boys in medieval times began to learn to carve. They stuck to it until they were fourteen, then they graduated from table cutlery to swords and daggers. Today in European military schools the boys are still required to cultivate the art of properly dismembering a bird or roast. I know a young Scandinavian who says the only worth-while knowledge he has retained from his years of training at the royal military college of his country is his skill and grace as a meat slicer.

● Milk experts were quick to catch a mistake I made some weeks ago in my interview with Robert Kinross. I seem to have implied that Bang's disease might be communicable to humans through cows' milk. That was incorrect. Bang's disease is strictly a disease of cattle. It cannot be communicated to humans, but milk infected with it may cause undulant fever in humans. Yet Bang's disease and undulant fever are totally different maladies. I apologize for my confusion of the two.

● In her new novel, Riding High, Dora Macy tells the exciting story of a rodeo girl. This is good sound contemporary romance. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

● A speculator with an eye for the historic bought out every stick of furniture, I am told, from the hotel rooms at Warrenton, Virginia, in which Mrs. "Wally" Simpson stayed ten years ago while waiting for her first divorce. If she had become our first American Queen of England, any chair or bed on which she once upon a time reposed would have been worth important money. His idea was sound enough, but—

Anyway, she didn't use the hotel furniture. Everything in her rooms was lent to her temporarily, I understand, by a friend.

● An old Russian cookbook specifies this walnut-and-liver stuffing for roast turkey or chicken. The taste it imparts to the festive bird is delicious and *different*. Make the stuffing as follows:

Fry 1 pound calf's liver lightly in butter, then put through meat chopper. Pass 1 pound shelled blanched walnuts through nut grinder (or 3 times through meat chopper). Mix ground walnuts with chopped liver, adding 2 cups soft bread crumbs, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, and 1 cup thick cream sauce well flavored with sherry wine, a dash of nutmeg, a teaspoon of sugar.

LIBERTY *Opens*

The HARDEST GATES IN THE WORLD TO CRASH!

These gates, guarding the entrance to the mighty M-G-M Studios, will open wide with welcome to winners in the

LIBERTY-PETE SMITH AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

Everyone who owns or can borrow a 16-mm. or 8-mm. amateur movie camera is eligible to compete for cash prizes totaling $1,000 and for real Hollywood contracts which may be awarded to amateurs who demonstrate directorial talent, originality, and effectiveness in story treatment, or to persons appearing in the entries who express screen personality or acting ability. Your choice of a subject is limited only by your own imagination—provided it is of general audience interest.

SEE how easy it is——————————

The first amateur effort ever to reach the screen, and the film which inspired this contest, will show you how the simplest of themes can make a successful entry. Watch for the Pete Smith Specialty, WANTED—A MASTER

——————————at local theaters

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOUR PRIZES, Each $50	200

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, their affiliated corporations, or members of their families.
2. All entries submitted must be not less than 200 nor more than 300 feet in length in 16-mm. or 8-mm. film.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of *audience interest*, originality of subject matter, and effectiveness of technique.
4. In the accompanying table of awards, Liberty and Metro are to pay $500 cash to the winner. Metro reserves the right to select additional entries, to be reproduced in full or *in part*, upon payment of $500 for each and every entry so selected. The number of entrants so selected is limited only by the merit of the entries received. The next *six* best entries, who are designated as *runners-up* but whose entries will not be reproduced, will receive the amounts set forth in the prize schedule in the order of their excellence.
5. Subjects must be in black-and-white film and may be either fact or fiction.
6. Subjects may be cast with actual characters or such roles re-enacted by amateur actors as circumstances warrant.
7. Subtitles are to be used to maintain continuity, but these are to be kept to a minimum.
8. The judges will be Pete Smith and Fred C. Quimby of Metro, and Fulton Oursler of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
9. Metro shall have the right to change, adapt, add to, or take from the selected entries as it sees fit.
10. Metro is to have all motion-picture and all other rights in and to the amateur movies selected in this contest, and shall have the right but not the obligation to remake same as Pete Smith Specialties, to be distributed throughout the world by Metro, and may copyright such in its own name.
11. The material submitted by the entrant must be wholly original, must not be libelous, and its full use granted Liberty and Metro must not violate any rights of others.
12. The material submitted by an entrant may be similar in many respects to pictures submitted by other entrants, and if an entrant's picture is not selected for reproduction, such entrant agrees that he will not at any time assert, or attempt to assert, any claim that any material contained in his picture has been used in any photoplay which later may be produced by Metro.
13. Send all entries, prepaid and legally packaged, addressed to Pete Smith-Liberty Amateur Movie Contest, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Any entries sent to Metro direct will automatically serve to disqualify same in this contest. No entries will be returned.
14. This contest closes on February 27, 1937, and entries received later than this date will not be considered. Winners are to be announced in the April 10 issue of Liberty.

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OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

This entry blank must accompany each entry submitted in the Pete Smith-Liberty Amateur Movie Contest.

The undersigned by signing below hereby states:

1. That he has read the rules of this contest and agrees to be bound thereby.
2. That he grants the full use of the entry to Liberty and Metro.
3. That the entry submitted herewith is wholly original, that it is not libelous, and its full use, as herein granted, will not violate any rights of others.

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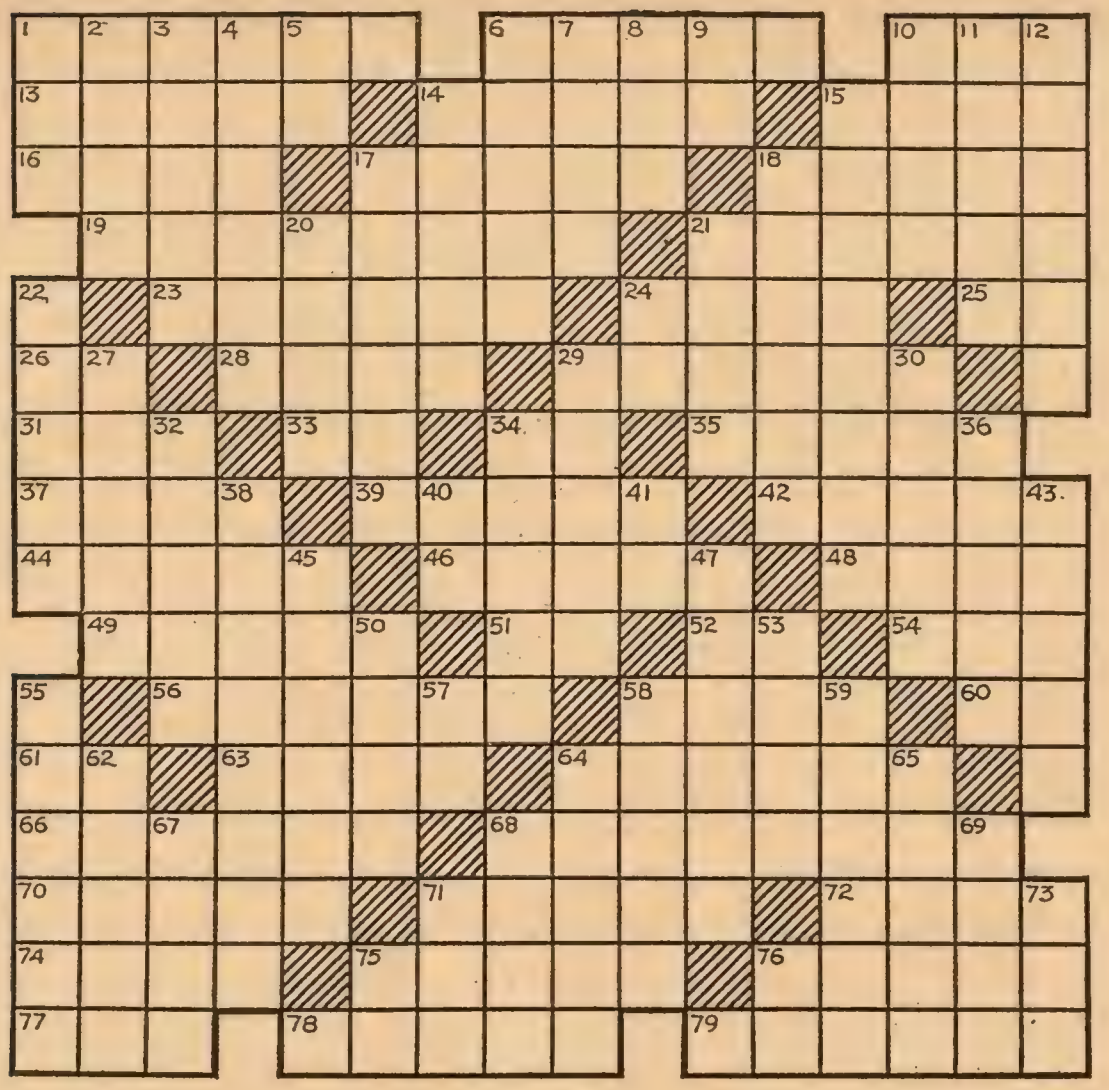
NAME .....
(Signature must be in ink)

STREET .....

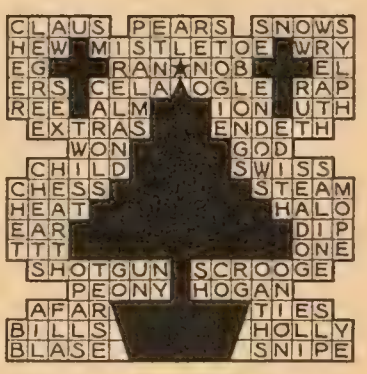
CITY..... STATE.....

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A carpenter's tool (pl.)
6 City in France
10 Mineral spring
13 A shop
14 Blazes
15 A fruit
16 Withered
17 Spiritless
18 A salt pan (Sp.)
19 Hid
21 Pestered
23 Accumulated
24 Employs
25 Artificial universal language
26 An article
28 Droops
29 Capital of Laconia
31 Pillage
33 Pronoun
34 By
35 Sandpiper
37 Greek god
39 Assumed parts
42 Becomes arid
44 Mountain in Arabia
46 Certain inhabitants of the Philippines
48 Auction
49 Passages in a mine
51 Prefix: in
52 Scoriated lava
54 Free from deductions
56 Inclines
58 To percolate
60 Egyptian sun god
61 Either
63 A medley
64 Characterized by two things
66 To thrash (colloq.)
68 Larders



Answer to last week's puzzle

70 Images
71 Garments
72 Large bundle
74 Neat
75 Denudes
76 Wading bird
77 Goddess of the dawn
78 Apportions
79 Went by

VERTICAL

1 Beast of burden
2 American Indian (pl.)
3 Triangular pieces of cloth
4 Places in an upright position
5 Prefix: back
6 Tubular
7 Dry
8 A color
9 Part of to be
10 Bodies of water
11 Requiter
12 Cultivated land
14 Destinies
15 Smears
17 Church official
18 Gazed
20 Wander
21 A sovereign
22 Weeds
24 Above
27 Water wheel
29 Having a certain hardness or severity of nature
30 Pertaining to birds
32 Binding agreements
34 Agalloch wood
36 One who fishes for lampreys
38 Characteristic of a seaman
40 A Hindu ejaculation
41 True
43 Bristlelike organs
45 Mythological king for whom Italy supposedly was named
47 A person who is consecrated or sanctified (pl.)
50 To cut off
53 Wing-shaped
55 Courteous
57 Toward
58 Trigonometrical ratio (pl.)
59 Divisions of a race
62 Wireless
64 Infants
65 Divisions of time
67 Measures of length
68 Gaze intently
69 The fruit of the blackthorn
71 A rodent
73 Terminus
75 Exist
76 An ejaculation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

COUGHING TEARS YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

It's the drying of tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often causes coughs. Sticky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough.

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Please tell me how to join the great army of boy salesmen and win money and prizes.

Name..... Age....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

Arrested for Murder . . . a "Confession" Repudiated . . . Release and Clearing Skies—and the Test to Come . . . So Ends a Startling Revelation

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

ALL right," I said to Parker; "pinning a murder charge on me isn't convicting me."

He and Jim Kirkham had a long conference at the county line before I was told to get out of Parker's car and climb into Kirkham's.

"Paul," said Jim Kirkham, "you can trust me."

"That's what Ellis Parker has been saying to me ever since he hid me away on February 24."

"February 24?" Kirkham exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes," I said; "and I won't say anything more to any one until I see Attorney General Wilentz."

At the jail, the officials, whom I knew well, treated me with every courtesy, gave me a sheet, a blanket, and a towel, and assigned me to cell 3. I was so exhausted that I fell fast asleep. I was wakened by the turning of the lock in the cell door. The guard took me to the front office, where Jim Kirkham walked up to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Paul Wendel," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr."

This denouement did not surprise me. I had been certain from Parker's statements and Kirkham's manner and their whispered conference at the county line that at last I was to be accused legally of the crime to which, under torture, I had been made to confess. It was a relief to have it over with—so much so that I went back to my cell and again went straightway to sleep.

But I was not to sleep through that night, and neither was anybody else in that crowded jail. Shortly after two o'clock a gong sounded and the lights went on. I could hear the cries of protest: "What's going on there?" "Don't make so much noise with that bell!"

Then once more the lock turned in my cell door.

"Attorney General Wilentz wants to see you."

As I walked into the front of the jail I saw the man whose aid I had sought.

"Paul," he began, "what is all this about?"

It took me just fifteen minutes by the warden's clock to tell my story. When I had finished, the attorney general said:

"I don't believe you did it."

My faith was at last justified.

"Dave," I said, "that confession won't hold water. I wrote it that way."

"Any one with common sense could see that," he said.

In the room while we talked were several officers including Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf and Prosecutor Hauck. The latter lent me his pen, with which I wrote:

Mr. David Wilentz, March 29, 1936.
Trenton, N. J.

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that I know nothing about the kidnaping and murder of Charles Lindbergh, Jr., and I was never on the Lindbergh property. I know nothing about the crime except what I read and heard.

I did sign several statements which were false which implicate me. I was forced by tortures and brutal treatment in New York, where I was detained from February 14 to February 24, 1936. From that date until today I was detained by Ellis Parker, Sr., at the State Colony at New Lisbon, N. J., under guard. Two in day and an extra at night.

I pleaded with Ellis Parker, Sr., and Dr. Jones (head of the institution) to get in touch with the Attorney General of New Jersey, Colonel Schwarzkopf, and Prosecutor Hauck, and I asked him, if he didn't deliver me to above, to return me to Mercer County.

He kept telling me when he got ready he would act and not before. Ellis Parker, who I thought was my friend, tried to tell me that Prosecutor Hauck and Attorney General Wilentz would be superseded by any one he would name because Governor Hoffman assured him that they would do so, that I was to plead guilty with a story that I had been out of my mind and suddenly came to and realized what I had done, which would startle not only the medical world but would make me a million dollars and my family could live easily the rest of their lives.

Parker promised me that the Attorney General Wilentz, Prosecutor Hauck, or Justice Trenchard would not try the case, that the Governor Hoffman was governor and he would appoint any one Parker asked him to. He said he would appoint Prosecutor Eastwood and have a special grand jury appointed to indict me, and then if it were tried in Hunterdon County that he would speak to Judge Robbins about it and I would get the benefit—meaning his friendship with Judge Robbins.

I knew that Parker was trying to do me harm, so I built up a defense for myself so that I could show Prosecutor Hauck and Attorney General Wilentz just what was going on.

I asked for lawbooks, which were brought to me. I wrote to Parker showing him that Governor Hoffman

could not supersede Prosecutor Hauck or Wilentz. I told Parker that he wanted me to plead to something I did not do, which was out of the question.

I told him that I refused to plead guilty so that the court would be made ridiculous and make a laughingstock out of Attorney General Wilentz and Colonel Schwarzkopf and state police.

(Signed) PAUL WENDEL.

On the left-hand side just below the signature were the signatures of three witnesses, as follows:

H. W. BRADLEY, Sheriff.
Undersheriff C. J. MALTOP.
THOMAS CONRAD, Special Deputy, Mercer County, Trenton, N. J.

I then told them that I had asked to have John Kafes represent me. Outside, the reporters were almost rioting to get in. The attorney general left the room. I think he gave some sort of statement to the press boys and sent them away. When he came back he said:

" Now, Paul, it's late. You go back to bed. I have explicit confidence in you. Tomorrow you can make a statement to a stenographer in the presence of your counsel."

This was quite in keeping with the uniform courtesy with which I was treated by Sheriff Bradley and Warden D'Arcy during my brief stay in Mercer County jail and by District Attorney Geoghan and Assistant District Attorneys Madden and McGuinness during my much longer stay in Brooklyn as a material witness in the case against the Parkers and the four Brooklyn kidnapers.

There were other personal satisfactions. My family had stood by me, and had retained their faith in me in spite of all Parker's efforts to undermine it. I found that he had called in my son and tried to get him to make an affidavit to back up my supposed confession, in which he was to say that he, Paul Wendel, Jr., was the man with the handkerchief whom Colonel Lindbergh said he saw while waiting for Jafsie the night the $50,000 passed. I also found that he repeatedly had Anna Bading urge my wife to do or say something which would indicate that the confession was true.

Men in powerful positions sent messages through my son that they would see that I had every protection the law allowed. My friend and mentor, John Kafes, rose from a sickbed to act as my lawyer. Even my companions in the Trenton jail expressed their belief in me. In fact,

Kirkham walked up to me and put his hand on my shoulder. " Paul Wendel, I arrest you for the murder of Charles A Lindbergh, Jr."

I was wakened that first morning by a crowd of prisoners outside the door of my cell. The first words I heard were from the mouth of an unseen jailmate.

" Hell," his voice said, " I know this Paul Wendel. He didn't kidnap no Lindbergh baby! "

I searched the faces of these men without finding a familiar one among them, but they all seemed friendly, so I said, " Hello, fellows," and they responded with hellos

Colonel Schwarzkopf, who was present while Wendel told Wilentz his story.

Allyne M. Freeman, grand jury foreman when Wendel was heard and exonerated.

F. X. Geoghan, Brooklyn district attorney, who raided the kidnap house.

"Jim" Kirkham, who took Wendel from Parker and jailed and arrested him.

and expressions of good will. I was deeply touched by this strange experience.

The day after my arrest Mr. McGuinness arrived from Brooklyn. He listened to my story—which at first he declared unbelievable, and I couldn't blame him! Then he saw the welts and black-and-blue marks which still, after thirty-four days in Jersey, remained on my body. Finally he examined the green cleaning tag 907-3XV which I still had on the pocket of my trousers.

This was enough for him. He returned to Brooklyn and immediately set in motion the machinery which led to the apprehension of all four of the torture gang and their indictment along with the Parkers, father and son.

In Jersey things moved with similar speed. Presently I was informed that the Mercer County Grand Jury had taken up my case and that Attorney General Wilentz was testifying before it. Although I remembered what Parker, Sr., had said about this grand jury, foremaned by the governor's friend Allyne M. Freeman, I wrote them a letter asking to be heard, and gave a copy of this letter to the press.

The grand jury immediately granted my request, and for three hours and a half listened attentively to what had happened to me from the time I was picked up on Broadway by Bill and Hank to the time I was surrendered forty-four days later by Parker, Sr., and Parker, Jr. When I left the room I felt sure that I had convinced a majority of the jurymen; and so it proved.

"Paul," Assistant District Attorney Madden told me when he visited me on April 16, "the grand jury has voted 'no bill.'"

This I knew was the legal way of saying that the murder charge against me had been dropped and that I had been fully exonerated by a jury of my peers.

"Now, Paul," continued Madden, "will you come to Brooklyn to help us get those kidnapers?"

Would I! I'd have gone to the Taj Mahal!

Lieutenant Keaton of the New Jersey State Police showed me several photographs of possible suspects, but I could not identify any of them. Then my old friend Jimmy de Louis, the Trenton detective whose name the kidnapers had used to lure me, brought a photograph that I recognized at once as that of Bill, who was really Murray Bleefeld, alias Bill Mayer, alias Moe Taylor, alias Bill Taylor, a well known crook. Later he brought a photograph which proved to be of Harry Weiss, alias Hank.

FRIDAY evening, April 17, about eight o'clock, I started for Brooklyn in Mr. Madden's car. District Attorney Geoghan listened to my story until about 2.30 A.M., and directed that I be quartered in the comfortable Towers Hotel. As we parted for the night he said, "We are going to solve this case, no matter whom it hits."

The next day I rode out to Sheepshead Bay over the kidnap route with the district attorney and his assistants. Although every vestige of the secret room in the cellar at the back of the garage had been removed, I had no trouble identifying the house, especially after I had made the trip upstairs and examined the bathroom.

From the Voorhies Avenue house we rode to the Parkville police station, where I was ushered into a roomful of about fifty people. I didn't know then that, previous to my visit, Mr. Geoghan and the Brooklyn police had already raided the kidnap house, and that Jack (Martin Schlossman) and his wife, who turned out to be Bill's sister, and his father-in-law, Tony (Harry Bleefeld), had all been taken into custody. But the moment I entered the room I noticed a familiar-looking man at the far end talking to a blonde woman. Without hesitation I walked up to this man and said, "Hello, Jack," to him.

"Captain," I said, turning to the officers, "I recognize this man as Jack, the fellow who drove the car and who tortured me."

The next day Jack, or Martin Schlossman, confessed the whole kidnap plot, backing up my story in every detail and implicating both the Parkers. Harry (Hank) Weiss, picked up in Cleveland, and Murray (Bill) Bleefeld, brought in from Detroit, made similar confessions. All, I am told, named Parker, Sr., as the master mind, and stated that Parker, Jr., was present in the Voorhies Avenue house all the time I was there, and personally directed my torture. The fourth torturer, Harry Bleefeld, collapsed after his arrest, and died. But the three who remained, together with the Parkers, were immediately indicted by the Kings County Grand Jury. Parker, Jr., forthwith became a fugitive from justice. Parker, Sr., refused to go to Brooklyn to plead to the indictment, and is still resisting extradition.

At this writing Governor Hoffman has persisted in his refusal to honor New York State's demand for Parker's extradition, even though he has been specially requested to do so by Governor Lehman.

Meanwhile the Federal Grand Jury, sitting in Newark, New Jersey, began an investigation of the entire case, the result of which, now that federal indictments have been returned, will be to cut through the tangle of extradition and put the Parkers on trial in the federal courts under the provisions of the Lindbergh Kidnap Law, which carries with it the possible penalty of death in the electric chair.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

In this closing chapter of his story Paul Wendel calls attention to a question of policy which has long concerned that chief of police and student of human nature, Thatcher Colt.

"Governor Hoffman has persisted in his refusal," says Wendel, "to honor New York State's demand for Parker's extradition, even though he has been specially requested to do so by Governor Lehman."

As the law stands, Governor Hoffman was quite within his rights. But should the law stand that way? Should a man accused as Parker was be allowed to postpone, perhaps escape trial for a crime he was alleged to have committed simply by being careful to stay on the west side of the Hudson River?

Shouldn't any one accused of crime in one state and arrested in another be automatically extraditable to the state where he is accused? Thatcher Colt thinks so. What do you think?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

IT is not for me to forecast what may happen at such a trial. I realize that whereas some of the issues are absolutely clear, others depend to a large extent on a question of veracity between Ellis Parker, Sr., and myself. Already, according to the newspapers, my former friend is on record as saying that he has had me under suspicion for four years and has been working all the time to set a trap for me so that he could convict me as the Lindbergh kidnaper.

Four years, did he say? As late as October 3, 1934, he wrote me on his official stationery as follows:

Dear friend Paul:

No doubt you have seen in the paper where I am interested in the election of Harold G. Hoffman for Governor. Harold's father, Frank Hoffman, many years ago was Chief of County Detectives of Middlesex County and he and I worked together for the Railroad Company in convicting Martin Welzak and others for jacking up gondolas and stealing the brass journals from them.

The whole family live right close to my sister in South Amboy, and my sister's son, Holmes Oliver, who is now principal of the Public School at Summit, New Jersey, and Harold went to school together. I have known him ever since he was a boy, so you can see my interest is not politics as much as it is friendship.

I don't know what you can do to help him, but if you happen down this way we might talk it over. Anyhow, I would appreciate anything you can do to further his election.

Awaiting your reply, I remain

Very truly yours,

(Signed) ELLIS H. PARKER,
Chief of Detectives.

If he had really suspected me of the most dastardly crime committed in our day, would he have addressed me in writing as "Dear friend Paul"?

Would he have involved me with the political fortunes of his friend and patron, Governor Hoffman?

I offer this letter as Exhibit A in that test of veracity toward which I am looking, I assure you, without fear!

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

Platitudes Along the Platte—Bruin Drops In—The Trail of a Trailer Winds Its Way to New Adventures

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MONDAY: *En route to California.* Up betimes and, leaving Omaha, Nebraska, behind us, we did point our trailer westward, following the Platte River for so long that I did finally comment to my wife that I could think of nothing but platitudes, to which she did retort, "You seem to be platting all your gags in one basket!"—a quip which I deemed exceedingly wet. So, as my dear wife remarked, plattering along the Platte for the rest of the day, and at dusk we did camp our trailer on the river bank and did platte in a good night's sleep.

TUESDAY: Up refreshed and again following the Platte we did cross the state line into Colorado, but we seemed unable to get away from the river, and I did remark to my wife that now I understood where that song River, Stay 'Way from My Door came from.

So on for the remainder of the day, finally reaching the outskirts of Denver, where we did park for the night beside an aviation field, getting little sleep, however, owing to the noise of the air liners coming and going, and when my poor wife did exclaim, "Damn those flying machines!" I did reply, "That airplane talkin', ma'am!"—a quip which she seemed to enjoy very little.

I did hear a knocking at the trailer door, and when I did open it, was horrified to see a huge bear standing there.

WEDNESDAY: Up bright and early, my dear wife having some shopping to do in Denver, which gave me an opportunity to acquaint myself with the city's taverns, and at one a Westerner and his wife and a small boy came in, and when the man ordered two whiskies, the boy exclaimed in surprise, "Ain't maw drinkin'?"

So on, stopping at Estes Park around dusk, finding it indeed a sylvan paradise. But on retiring for the night did hear a knocking at the trailer door, and when I did open it, was horrified to see a huge bear standing there, whereupon my dear wife did call from the bed, "Tell him we don't want anything," a remark which despite my fright did strike me as very funny.

So back to bed, finding it difficult, however, to sleep, and my wife's comment that I was as restless as a bear did not improve my peace of mind any.

THURSDAY: Up weary-eyed but relieved to find that our nocturnal visitor had disappeared. And when I did inform my wife what had happened she did nigh swoon with fear and did bid me start the car and be gone at once. So on our way, my wife refusing to leave the safety of the trailer, at which I did laugh heartily, but when I did turn to wave at her over my shoulder was thunderstruck to see the bear fast asleep in the back seat of our car, and to make matters worse a state trooper did stop me and accuse me of attempting to steal the animal!

So on our way again, stopping for another nervous night at the foot of Bear Mountain.

FRIDAY: Up betimes and westward ho-hoing, my wife driving the car whilst I did putter about in the trailer doing this and that. But in opening the trap door in the floor did inadvertently step through it and was forced to run a full mile at top speed before I could pull myself back in. So to bed exhausted, and when my dear wife did stop and I did tell her of my harrowing experience, she did laugh most unsympathetically, commenting that it was indeed a fine way for me to get my daily exercise without leaving home, to which I did retort, "Nuts!"

SATURDAY: Up, finding myself so stiff in the joints I could scarcely move, my wife remarking that probably what I needed was a good grease job, and she did suggest stopping at a service station, but I did reprimand her for her coldheartedness and did retort that I would take my lubrication from a whisky bottle, which I did. So did while away the hours in the trailer whilst my wife drove. And after several beakers of Scotch I did divest myself of all clothing except a loincloth, and tying a feather on the back of my head and brandishing a hatchet, I did leap out into the middle of the road with a loud war whoop, frightening my poor wife nigh to death. But my laughter was short-lived, as a passing state trooper did take a pot shot at me, thinking I was a drunken Indian.

SUNDAY: Up betimes, and after a few hours' driving we did find ourselves in Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormons, and I did remark to my wife that I thought it a fine religion indeed, to which she did retort that I was talking through my hat, as I couldn't take care of one wife, let alone two or three. So for a ride on the Great Salt Lake Desert, and I did suggest to my wife that at last we'd have an opportunity to fill the salt shaker.

Still more startling surprises await the dauntless Dunkles. In an early issue you'll learn what happened next.

Vox Pop

Edward VII Liked American Girls, Too

BERKELEY, CALIF.—There is in my possession an old scrapbook belonging to my grandmother, who passed away about thirty-five years ago. It contains many clippings, old letters, and pieces of poetry. Among the clippings is one entitled Will the Prince of Wales Marry an American? This alluded, of course, to Prince Albert Edward, afterward Edward VII, who visited this country in 1860.

In view of the current interest in the more recent King Edward's love affair with Mrs. Simpson, I thought perhaps you would be interested in this item.—*Mrs. J. A. Dieves.*

AUGUST 18, 1860.

WILL THE PRINCE OF WALES MARRY AN AMERICAN?

A GOOD many jokes are current about the possibility of the Prince of Wales falling in love with an American belle, and the possible consequences of such a catastrophe. Every body looks at the subject in a quizzical light; no one ever seems to have dreamed that it may become a sober reality, and that it may end in an American sharing the throne of England. Yet stranger things have happened.

If the Prince lives, he must marry. By law he is forbidden to marry a subject; nor can he wed any woman who is not a Protestant. It is thus impossible that he can find a wife in England, France, Spain, Italy, Southern Germany, or Russia. His choice is restricted to Northern Germany and the United States. His ancestors have all married Germans. George the First married Sophia of Zell; George the Second married Caroline of Anspach; Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died before his father, married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha; George the Third married Charlotte of Mecklenburg; George the Fourth, Caroline of Brunswick; Queen Victoria, Albert of Saxe-Gotha. It may be said that all these marriages were forced. The members of the Guelph family had no choice. At the time Frederick Prince of Wales married, this was a colony; when George the Fourth married, in 1795, the United States were little better than a colony in the eye of Englishmen; Queen Victoria, at the age of eighteen, could hardly have been expected to deviate from precedent, and marry an American. Of all the heirs-apparent of the House of Brunswick the Prince of Wales is the first who is not forced by law to marry into one of the German families.

It can not be questioned but, in view of statesmanlike policy, an American marriage would be a wise step on the part of the Prince. This country ought to be made the best friend of Great Britain. We are the only people in the world who have established and maintain institutions based on the same foundation as those of England. Between England and the European Powers there never can be any lasting friendship; this is the only country by whose firm alliance Great Britain could set more, if she could secure it. She can never find a friend so valuable or so stanch as the United States, if only she can secure our friendship. And there is no way so simple—in view of the character of our people—to secure that friendship as by having her Prince marry an American.

This, too, is a Democratic age, and the marriage of the Prince of Wales to an untitled girl would be a famous hit with the British people. It would have a spice of romance about it which would render the young man a hero at once. We may add that the Prince can find among our American girls more than one that would adorn a throne, and would make him a good wife.

WHO WILL DARE RUN FOR PRESIDENT IN 1940?

CLARION, IA.—Election is over and both parties are getting ready for the next election of 1940, so I would like to know who will dare to run for President in 1940? Who will dare to defy the jinx or the fate that falls to the great majority of Presidents that are elected in the year that ends with a zero (0)?

For, beginning with 1840, every President but one elected in the year ending with a zero died while in office. Here is my proof:

William Harrison, elected in 1840, died while in office; Lincoln, elected in 1860, was killed in office; James Garfield, elected in 1880, was killed while in office; Warren G. Harding, elected in 1920, died while in office.

Only Theodore Roosevelt, elected in 1900, escaped this singular fatality.

So I want to know who will be brave enough to defy that jinx and dare to run for President in 1940.—*Aaron N. Sadoff.*

HAT OFF, HAT ON

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You might well call this "the bounding hat," for my hat is off to you on your election forecast that if the then forthcoming Republican convention should be a love feast it would signify that the party had no hopes of success.

But in your It Happened In column of November 28 you tell of the Arkansas farmer who spent the $200 government check for a merry-go-round. Why not tell *all* the story as related in the public press—that he bought it to use at public gatherings and had excellent prospects of being able to repay the $200 and to continue making a comfortable income for himself? Here is where my hat goes back on my head.—*Robert L. Jones.*

PITY THE POOR LANDLORD!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Your Vox Pop pages have been utilized by busybodies to defend the widows, crooners, alimony, women smokers, and one-piece bathing suits. I would like an opportunity to put in a word for landlords.

The landlord is pictured as a tight-fisted tyrant, a Shylock whose aim is to keep tenants uncomfortable and make them pay in advance for the privilege.

Let me cite one or two incidents which are typical of what we landlords have to put up with. For nearly a year a family in one of my houses paid no rent. They were hard up and I let them stay. The husband finally got work, and when I called to ask if they could pay a little on account, the wife hit me over the head with a broom.

An occupant of one of my apartments got me to reduce his rental and then threw a party to celebrate his getting a raise in wages. The party smashed my furniture and set fire to the kitchen. When I tried to evict them or collect damages, he threatened to sue me if I did not grant him thirty days' notice.

Just before the thirty days were up, they moved out in the night, taking all the light globes with them. I shall be lucky to collect one tenth of what his party cost me!—*A Landlord.*

PLENTY NEVER GO TO MOVIES

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The letter written by Mr. Harris (November 21 Vox Pop) amuses me. So he knows only two people who have never seen a movie! And he'd like to find out how many people there are in the United States who have never seen one. I'm afraid he would have quite a task on his hands.

Personally, I know more than two dozen people, all over thirty years of age, who have never seen a movie.

Doesn't Mr. Harris know that many thousands of so-called "religious" people consider the movies a "sin" and that all who go to them are headed straight for the "hot place"? Why, even reading a magazine like Liberty is not quite "nice" to them. I know this for a fact—because haven't I a bunch of in-laws just like that—and surely they can't be the only ones to think that way—or is it just my bad luck?—*Marie.*

DETROIT, MICH.—So your Mr. Martin F. Harris, theater manager (November 21 Vox Pop), wishes to find out how many people have yet to see a movie.

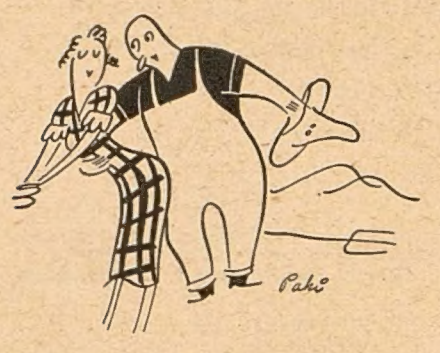
I have never been in a theater or movie in my life, nor in a dance hall either. And I may say I am nearer fifty than forty years of age. I think that is a record.—*Mrs. M. P.*

THE GREATEST LOVER OF MODERN TIMES

SEATTLE, WASH.—The John Barrymore love exploits, which ran in Liberty, perhaps were interesting to many of your readers. However, I wish my pen had the ability to express who the "Greatest Lover of Modern Times" *really* is.

I select a young man on the farm; in a factory; a mechanic; a clerk; a laborer. This young man meets some fine young girl and he falls in love with her, bestowing a true feeling of affection worthy of the name love. He marries her and starts life's journey, loving her alone to the end of the trail. He is willing to fight and make any sacrifice for her happiness. He builds a home and raises a family, and denies himself many personal comforts and pleasures for their education and health. He stands by his wife in sickness and accepts, without complaint, additional responsibilities. He is the foundation on which the liberty we enjoy rests.

There you have the "Greatest Lover of Modern Times" and he is in all walks of life.—*Capt. C. J. Hutchinson.*



"TAKE THE PROFIT OUT OF POLITICS"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have just read Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in November 28 Liberty, Take the Profit Out of Politics, and I am hopeful that this may be the start of a movement which will be nation-wide in its effect.

I had the honor of being state senator for eight years, representing probably the largest senatorial district in America, comprising all of West Philadelphia, with a population of upward of 400,000 people. It was my privilege during my incumbency to have the assignment of twelve scholarships per year to certain universities in the State of Pennsylvania, and I was amazed to find that almost everybody who had a vote, or two, or three, in his house felt that this qualified him for one of these scholarships for some member of his family.

In the summer of 1935 some of my friends were advocating my candidacy for mayor of Philadelphia, and it seemed that one of the prerequisites to submitting oneself to the public was one's willingness to be dragged, and have one's family dragged, in the gutters of Philadelphia.

These two factors, I feel sure, are elements in the life of America which have to be overcome. We must, first, find citizens who are willing to register and vote not for what they may selfishly get out of it but for the good of the nation; and, secondly, we must so conduct our campaigns for office that the high-type American citizens, such as are discussed in Mr. Macfadden's editorial, will be willing to submit their candidacy to the suffrage of the people.

We must make it an honor and not a dishonor to be a candidate for high public office.—*Bertram G. Frazier.*

THAT REMINDS ME OF ONE

WEISER, IDA.—John Gee and his mule story (November 14 Vox Pop) remind me of Dad Emery and his sheep story. Dad always had a story to illustrate what he was discussing.

Speaking of the difference between theory and practice, he told this one:

"'Johnny's father,' said Dad, 'was a sheepman. Therefore Johnny knew all about sheep. One day Johnny's teacher was giving his class a drill in mental arithmetic.

"'Now, Johnny,' said the teacher, 'if there were ten sheep in a field, and two jumped out, how many would be left?'

"'Johnny replied promptly, 'Wouldn't be any left.'

"'Oh, yes, Johnny,' said the teacher, shocked at such ignorance. 'If there were ten, and two jumped out, there would be eight left.'

"'Humph!' said Johnny in disgust. 'You know a lot about 'rithmetic, teacher, but you don't know much about sheep. If two of 'em jumped out, all the rest would jump out after 'em.'

"And that," said Dad, "illustrates the difference between theory and practice."—*Myron A. Patch.*

"HARDTACK"

"Boy, it's lucky for us he wasn't knock-kneed!"

ARE YOU SHY, BOLD, BLOATED, UNPREJUDICED?

APPLETON, WIS.—Vox Pop is an indispensable forum where each contributor takes the rostrum and shyly, boldly,

indifferently, or very calmly expresses his or her opinion.

To the shy blushing type Vox Pop is a means of voicing her opinion from behind the scenes.

The bold fellow—well, he usually gets a swift biff under his chin as a comeback to his bold gestures and would-be wisecracks.

To the bloated windjammer, why, Vox Pop is his only salvation. What a calamity if he hadn't some place to blow off his excessive steam!

To the thinker and unprejudiced person Vox Pop is a friendly meeting place where each debates over questions of general interest without becoming soreheaded but rather with due respect for the opinions of his fellow citizens.—*Nell Belonger.*

CHINESE GIRL WITH A TEMPER GETS AFTER ACHMED

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am a Chinese girl with a temper, and I herewith register downright indignation over the absurd story, Jade-White Peace, in November 7 Liberty.

It is an unfair reflection upon Chinese girls, both as to morals and manners. I'll wager there isn't one of them in this country who would be guilty of such a mouthful as "Do yer always give the eye to any dame yer lamp?" And the daughter of a Chinese "literatus," a classic scholar, at that! Even an editor should see the incongruity. Yes, I mean *even.* I know my English.

If the writer knows anything about the Chinese, he conceals it admirably. Very few nations consider suicide to be a particularly honorable thing, but it is most certainly not the "blackest disgrace on the Mongol's escutcheon." Furthermore, Chinese never refer to themselves as "Chinks." I think Achmed had better stick to his Turks, or whatever he is. He's probably one of these fellows who have mastered chopsticks and therefore considers himself an authority on the East.

In the ridiculous English of his maligned Chinese heroine, I'll back out with the elegant words, "Wot about a bitta fresh air?"—*Rose Tow.*

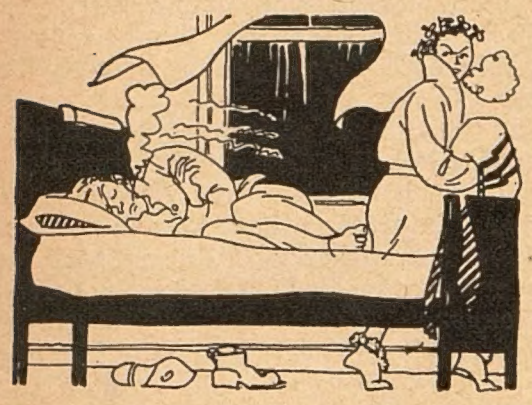
TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

HAYS, KAN.—It pleased Sheriff Joe Doergler when the gypsy woman he had arrested declared the prison's food and her stay there were most enjoyable.

But he became alarmed when the gypsy told him she liked the jail so well she was going to bring her fourteen children to stay with her. Finally he had to forcibly eject her.

CHICAGO, ILL.—A permanent injunction was necessary to insure Otto Wolff against chilly nights this winter. His estranged wife, he complained in court, picked cold nights to tiptoe into his room and pull off the covers while he slept. "It's going to be a cold winter, your Honor," said the attorney in asking the judge for an injunction restraining Mrs. Wolff from pulling covers. The injunction was granted.



KANSAS CITY, MO.—Robert Manning admitted he found his hobby of being a "Peeping Tom" quite arduous because he is only five feet tall. "I carry along a box, though, and then I can see into a lot of windows," he said in court.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Cyril Von Baumann returned from the jungles of Ecuador where he and André Roosevelt had been searching for lost cities.

They crept past head-hunting tribes, he said, and escaped from snakes sixty feet long. After fifty days they came to a buried city in a section of the jungle where no white man is supposed to have been.

Porters began to dig. All day they worked, and at last their spades turned up something. It was an American dime dated 1854.

Use the word "Fortify"

"This coat cost me fortify dollars."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER CALENDAR

"I AM A VERY ORDINARY PERSON WHEN PEOPLE LEAVE ME ALONE"

"The occasion, not the cause of King Edward's abdication."

In using these words about himself, has Great Britain's new ruler told the whole story? His brother, the former King Edward VIII, once prophetically said of him, "He would make a better king than I."

How will this "ordinary person" meet the trials and tests that the future holds in store for the greatest monarch in the world? How will England accept this new ruler who steps to the throne in the shadow of his brother, cherished favorite of Great Britain's millions, and takes the scepter in the dazzling afterglow of the world's greatest romance?

And in the words of the pretty little Princess Elizabeth, next in line for the throne, "What about Uncle David?" Has this prince so beloved by his former subjects passed forever from the scenes of his triumphs? And was love the only reason he renounced the throne, or was there something else—something more vital to his kingdom and its subjects?

His rule an epilogue to the greatest love story in the world.

These and other questions—questions of paramount importance not only to Great Britain but to all the world besides—are answered in Liberty next week in an intensely interesting article.

Looking at the Nazi persecution of the Jews, the wholesale executions in Russia, the cruelty and terrors of the war in Spain, Americans thank heaven that we, at least, are civilized. But are we? Did you know that in forty-five years more than five thousand lynchings have been recorded in the United States? Did you know that few states have clean records? Will Irwin, next week in Liberty, presents the first of a series of gripping articles on

SAVAGE AMERICA

And also in next week's Liberty you get

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team

and stories and articles by Rita Weiman, Scott Littleton, Bert Green, Yosuke Matsuoka, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JAN. 6

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

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Civil Service Handbook by William A. Brooks—Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only **$1.00** postpaid.

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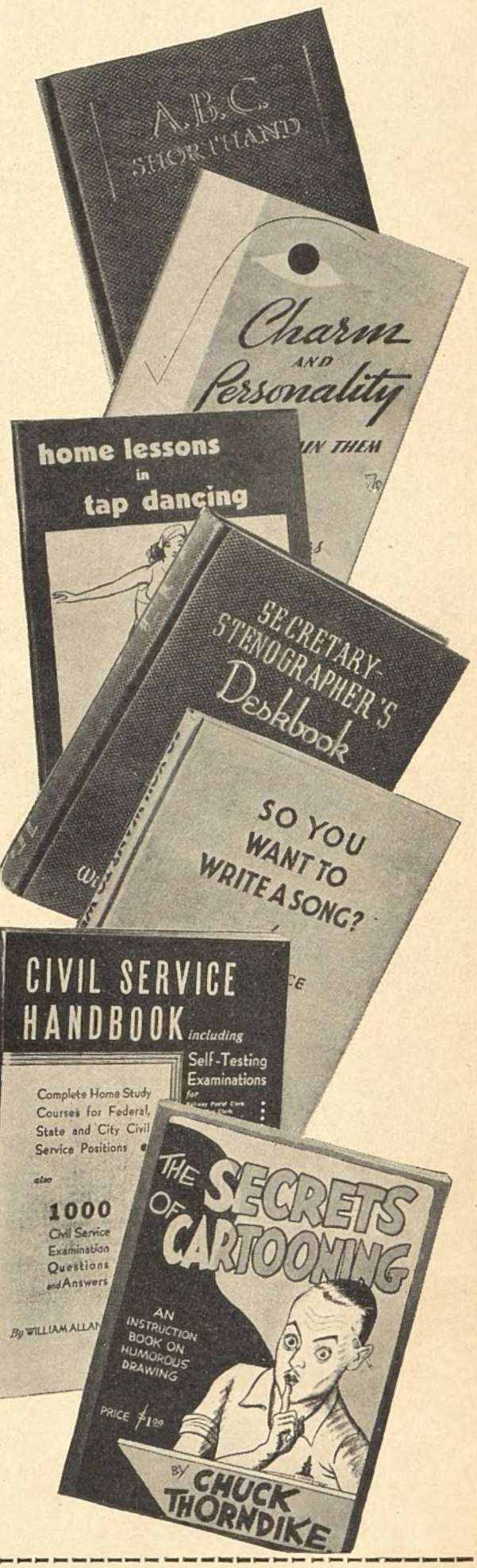
Home Lessons in Tap Dancing—Good times, good exercise, good pay on the stage—tap dancing has many rewards for talented young men and women. Here is a clear and simple system that you can learn at home. Indeed, with these simplified lessons you can begin dancing many steps after only a few hours' practice! (P. S. Tap dancing helps the stout reduce and keeps those of normal weight in buoyant energy.) $1, postpaid.

So You Want to Write a Song—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association. The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—**$1.00.**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